

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1905.

THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGE FLOTTER, who cultivated the section beyond Beckwith's, had a patch of Early Marvels, which had been planted a full fortnight earlier than the potatoes on the Hernshaws' section, and as Robert and George were in the way of being intimate friends, they frequently spent their Sunday afternoons in comparing the growth of the two crops. Robert was of opinion that the Early Marvels were not as scheduled, and that at any rate they were proving themselves a vastly inferior sort to the Lapstone Flukes, on which he himself had placed his reliance. But George Flotter had a catalogue in the house containing a full-page picture of a Marvel,—one of a family of fourteen—together with eulogistic marginal notes from the gardeners of dukes and earls, from which it appeared that the aristocracy of Great Britain were discarding all other kinds and confining themselves to Marvels alone. Robert was impressed, but somewhat incredulous.

"They've got no tops on them to speak of," he said, "and what they have are measly-looking."

Mr. Flotter was compelled to admit that this was so, but he presumed that the aristocracy did not eat the tops, and at all events he was far from acknowledging the case as desperate. The catalogue had some

remarks on manures, and special attention was directed to a Magic Potato Fertiliser, subsequently referred to, somewhat disrespectfully, as the M.P.F., which was calculated to make potatoes open their eyes. Mr. Flotter accordingly got in a stock of this compound unknown to Robert, and proceeded to dose his patch, possibly with more liberality than discretion.

Robert looked the crop over a week later. "They've livened up some," he admitted doubtfully; "but it looks to me as though they were going to ripen off."

A similar suspicion had occurred to Mr. Flotter, but he now rejected the idea with contumely. "You'd be surprised at the work them roots are putting in underground," he said. And Robert admitted with some irony that he would be.

Now the limits of friendship cover a remark of this sort with difficulty, and Mr. Flotter, considerably piqued, allowed himself to indulge in disparaging remarks as to lavish tops in general and Lapstone tops in particular. As to which Robert said good-humouredly: "The proof of the potato's in the crop, you know, George, and we'll see how things are when it comes out."

But it frequently happens that the settler proposes and the wandering bullock disposes.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Flotter betook himself as usual to the Hern-

shaws' section. He passed the slip-rail, and seeing no one about ascended the hill. As he did so his eyes grew large and round, and he gazed about him like a man in a dream, for the potatoes had disappeared. Then he saw that the vegetable garden was a heart-breaking wreck, and that the devastation had extended even to the *kumaras*.

Be it said that Mr. Flotter had desired with all his soul that his roots should eclipse Robert's, but now that it seemed probable that his wish would be gratified, he stood still and flushed to the roots of his hair. "Damn them bullocks!" he said. "Damn—them—bullocks!" Then, intent on avoiding the sight of his fallen rival, he made for the nearest fence, and scrambled across country to spend the afternoon in solitary contemplation of his own patch. "Marvels!" he exclaimed later on, with a contempt sufficient to wither the sickly vegetables. "Them Lapstones would have beaten you six to one,—they would that,—you and your M.P.F.!"

But Robert was not then employed in lamenting the damage, nor for a long time afterwards did the loss he had sustained trouble him greatly. Another and weightier matter engrossed his attention, and in wrestling with that what might otherwise have proved a keen blow affected him but slightly. Some attempt he made to dig and house the potatoes, but the job was too disheartening, and he soon discontinued. There the affair of the slip-rail seemed to end.

At Mrs. Gird's section in the thick Bush the sunny days crept slowly by; Christmas came and went, week followed week, and still the young girl moved listlessly through the days, indifferent to all things but fixed in her purpose. Physically she was, she

said, well, and Mrs. Gird, after a vain effort, gave up the attempt to persuade her to the contrary.

"Wait," she said to Robert. "There is a key to all this, and some day we will find it and unlock the door."

Kindness was lavished upon her: reproof was tried; but apparently the way to her heart was lost. Sometimes she refused even to see Robert, and held to this resolution for days. At others she sought to reason him into acceptance of her determination.

"It will be better for you, Robert, if you will only make up your mind that I mean what I say."

But Robert held to the one anchor in the storm. "You love me, Lena; you can't help loving me any more than I can help loving you."

And the girl was silent. But she refused to allow him to touch her, and since the night he had left her with Mrs. Gird there had been nothing of lover-likeness in their relations.

"Patience," said Mrs. Gird, with cheerful optimism; "it will all come right. The wages of sin are paid in part by deputies, but not the whole bill."

"I should never have let you love me," said the girl about this time, "because I foresaw this from the first; but I will not do you a worse wrong by marrying you."

"I want to be wronged," said Robert slowly; "that is the one thing I do want."

"Some day you will be thankful that I was firm."

"Then some day I must be thankful that I was weak. If I thought that, I should ask the first man I met to kick me."

"It would not be weakness, it would be doing right."

"Then we come back to where we were just now,—I want to do wrong."

"Robert, it—is—no—use."

But Robert held doggedly on his way, and every day found him in attendance, ready to begin the discussion afresh. And sometimes Lena saw him and sometimes she refused to see him, but she always knew of his visits and even anticipated the time when they would be paid. In a while she came to accept them as part of the day's routine, and then it was that Mrs. Gird suggested the exercise of a little diplomacy. It was a severe task she set the young man, but faith in her wisdom enabled him to bear through it somehow, and for a whole week he did not put in an appearance on the section. The first day passed without comment. Mrs. Gird was busy and talkative, and Lena made no sign that she noticed the omission. Neither on the second day nor those following did she make remark, but there was an increasing restlessness in her movements and a growing pallor in her cheeks, not without significance to the watcher.

It was not until the time set had nearly elapsed that Mrs. Gird alluded to the matter, checking herself in the midst of an account of the latest Robinson *versus* Finnerty case to do so.

"Why, where's Robert?" she asked with a fine surprise. "It must be quite three days since he was here."

"A week to-morrow," Lena said.

"So long? Dear me! what can be the matter?"

"Only that he has begun to recognise that I mean what I say."

"Rubbish, my dear; he is far more likely to be staying away because he is too ill to come."

The tea-things Lena was putting away rattled slightly, but she made no reply.

"I will send Mark up first thing in the morning," Mrs. Gird continued. "This is too heartless altogether."

"I am not heartless," Lena said; "I wish I were."

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose that young man is exactly enjoying himself."

"It will be better for him in the end. Though he may not think so now, some day he will thank me for this."

"Not if he is the man I take him to be. Robert has a strong nature, but you are doing your best to wreck it."

"It would be wrecked if he were to marry a thing like me."

"Lena! Oh, you unfortunate child! What are we to do with you? Will nothing reach that little frozen heart of yours? Do you not feel in your conscience that this is all wrong?"

"That is so strange to me, that you should be unable to see that I am right."

"My dear," Mrs. Gird replied with a tender gravity, "I am on the side of true love every time, and not blindly, but with all the light God has given me. When I see it pure and unselfish, then I know that I am in the presence of a thing that is beautiful and holy, and I would array myself on its side though all the conventions of the world were leagued in opposition. Fight against your happiness if you will, but your lover is stronger than you, and all the forces of Nature fight with him. And I know this, that, so sure as that star is shining on you through the doorway, you will surrender to him, body and mind and will, freely and gladly, and that before many days have passed by."

But Lena shook her head incredulously with a ghost of a smile, and said no more. There were stages when further argument seemed impossible, not that she was at such times self-convicted of wrong-doing, but that it appeared hopeless to at-

tempt to carry conviction of her rightness of conduct to the minds of others.

In pursuance of her expressed determination, Mrs. Gird sent one of her boys with a message to Robert early the following morning, and shortly afterwards she despatched Lena on an errand in the settlement. Lena had shown herself tractable and obedient in all but the one thing, and though this was the first time since her arrival that she had been asked to go beyond the bounds of the section, she put on her hat and set off without demur.

It was perhaps hardly an accident that half-way through the Bush she met Robert coming rapidly down the track. He pulled up on espying her and came forward somewhat shame-facedly. Lena looked at him critically. There were unmistakable signs of trouble in his young face, and he looked slighter than of old.

"Have you been ill, Robert?" she asked.

"No," said Robert, averting his gaze; "I have been working,—on the section."

"This will be a busy time for you," the girl said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I suppose you are digging the potatoes now?"

"That and,—other things. I've mostly finished."

"And was it a good crop?"

"It was a fair crop," Robert said slowly. "Yes, I can't complain of the crop. It was a,—real good crop—considering."

"Considering what?" Lena asked smiling.

"Well, you know, we farmers are never satisfied. It's been a bit dry."

Lena looked at him attentively. "You are disappointed," she said, "and I'm sorry. Why wasn't it a good crop?"

"It was a good crop, but not what you might call a heavy crop," Robert explained.

Lena reflected a moment, and then said: "I'm going past the section, would you mind my going in to see for myself?"

Robert felt thoughtfully at his ear. "They're mostly all stowed away," he said at last; "but, yes, of course, you can see for yourself." He turned and moved thoughtfully along the track at her side. Presently he said: "I may as well out with it at once. It was just a piece of carelessness, but I left the slip-rail down a night or two ago, and the bullocks got in and chawed off most of the stuff."

"Oh, Robert, what a pity!" Then suddenly the girl stood still, struck by an inconsistency in the story. "A night or two ago," she said slowly; "it surely could not make any difference then."

"It's the best part of a week, Lena,—yes, fully that. As you say, it doesn't make a sight of difference, but I thought I'd tell you, because there's a patch I haven't had time to dig up yet, and you'd be bound to see it."

Lena watched him with heaving bosom. "Yes," she said, "I'd be bound to see it. What I don't see is, why you should think of concealing it from me."

"Conceal? Me? Haven't I just been telling you how it was? If I hadn't been so careless it wouldn't have happened. It was just—"

"Don't Robert," Lena cried sharply, "don't; I can't bear it."

She began to move forward rapidly, her cheeks flushing and paling. The young man increased his pace to keep up with her. You know, Lena," he said uneasily, "the season's been a bit dry, and one doesn't get a heavy crop in a real dry season. They're small mostly, but there's a rare lot of them,

—a rare lot," he repeated with some enthusiasm.

"Did you get any at all, Robert? But I will see for myself. Please don't speak about it any more."

Robert followed her in silence. They passed the slip-rail, and went together up the hill to the site of the plantation; there the girl stood still and gazed as though she would never look away.

The last time she had stood on this spot the potato plants were all around her, rioting in a green luxuriance of life. Their dark glossy leaves spoke of an abundant sap that was to accumulate in the unseen tubers on the roots. Their tops were breaking into flower, pink and white and pale blue. Not a weed disfigured the plantation, and over all lay the impress of an intelligent and laborious hand, long employed. Now, in place of the luxuriant green, shone the sickly light of the translucent stems; the poisoned haulm, shorn of its leaves, was sprouting miserably at the base; here and there the ground was roughly forked over, and white globes, hardly larger than marbles, lay scattered among the clods.

Let it be remembered that Lena was a settler's daughter. She knew to the full what was meant by the scene before her. She knew the care and sweat that went to the turning out of a satisfactory crop from rough and not too rich land. She knew also the hopes and devotion that had attended the cultivation of this particular patch. So as she gazed her eyes grew dim with tears until she could see no more.

"Mostly small," Robert muttered, afraid to face her, "but a rare lot of them."

"Robert, Robert, take me somewhere where I can go down on my knees and ask your forgiveness. I am a wicked, wicked girl."

Then the frost that had caught so fiercely at this young heart melted and dissolved in a rain of tears.

"And to think," said Robert later on in private to Mrs. Gird, "that it was the potatoes that did it after all."

"Ah, Robert," replied the lady, "that's none so strange. It's only the same divine old common-sense that God made in the beginning, and has never since suffered to die out of the world."

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR three months Andersen had been employed on the new road which was being cut through fifty miles of dense primeval Bush to the gum-fields on the Kaipara river. Winding through dark valleys and around hills, a wall of living green in front, a sinuous track of desolation behind, the pioneers of civilisation forced their way ever farther and farther from the settlements into the gloom of the forest. The obtaining of stores, at first the work of a few hours, gradually increased into the arduous labour of days, and news of the outer world leaked through more sparingly and at longer intervals. M'Gregor's store, whence the supplies came, was itself off the track of gossip, but even thence the news of Mrs. Andersen's desertion would probably have travelled to her husband but for the action of Wickener in urging silence on the storekeeper and his wife.

"The thing is past mending," he said; "and he might have the good fortune to break his neck or love another woman before the news reaches him."

"You think it the good fortune to break his neck?" Tapaia asked laughing.

"At least as good as the alternative I have suggested."

Andersen had developed the taciturnity of the man whose conduct is illumined by a strong and solitary purpose, and after a certain amount of chaffing, morosely received, he was allowed to go his way unmolested. Drink, under the heading of medical comforts, was obtainable by the better behaved members of the camp, but the Swede stood aloof; an occasional bottle of painkiller was the only concession he made to the frightful craving that came over him at the smell of spirits in another man's mouth.

Once, early in the new year, there came to him two letters in one envelope, — one in a man's handwriting, the other in his daughter's. He carried them about with him for days, seizing his unemployed moments to read them afresh, now chuckling, now dashing tears from his eyes; and when the packhorses were ready for their return to the store, he sent a reply, witnessed by the foreman of works, giving his full consent to the marriage of his daughter with Robert Hernshaw. Lena made no allusion to, and sent no messages from, her mother; but it was natural, he thought, that the subject of her letter should engross her to the forgetfulness of all else.

Even this, and the event it immediately foreshadowed, did not shake Andersen's resolution, but rather strengthened it. He would enter the house of his daughter's husband with money in his pocket, — gold. She should take what she had need of, and if she took it all he would come back and work for more. When he thought of his wife his heart beat quickly as in the days of his first wooing. He would woo her afresh. As the long cross-cut saw drove through the wood, as the American

steel axe circled and fell, he conjured up the scenes of that second wooing, when he should break through the sullen humour that enveloped her, should call back the smiles to her lips, the love-light to her eyes. And if not,—she was his wife. But as the man's self-respect returned, the darker mood that suggested compulsion became of less frequent occurrence, more to be scotched and buried out of sight. What he yearned for was her respect, that she should point to him with pride, "My husband, the best bushman in the county." And with respect would come a return of love, of the old winsome manner that he had seen reproduced in his daughter that time he had beheld her last. With the rehabilitation of the man came a violent disgust of his past self, quivering along the haft of the tool and biting deep with the cutting edge. If he could have cut down that hideous past with his axe as he felled the giant denizens of the bush, with what joy would he have welcomed the labour. The thought of the man with whom his wife's name had been connected he thrust determinedly from him, though even so it lurked sometimes in a harsher grip of the saw's teeth, in a deeper burial of the axe-head, a flash of torment thrust into the background by the violent physical effort. Whatever the past had been, he refused to regard it steadfastly. It was in contemplation of the future that he found solace in the midst of his labours and support in the achievement of his purpose.

One morning, towards the middle of March, as the men were shouldering their tools to leave the camp, Andersen entered the contractor's office with his swag on his back and asked for his cheque.

The Swede was a hard and skilful workman, who never caused trouble so long as he was sober, and whom

no task, however dangerous or difficult, could dismay; and such men are dear to the heart of the Bush-contractor, whose fortunes and even life are frequently at the disposal of his men.

"You are not going to leave us, Andersen?" he asked. "Why, there's six months' work in front of you yet."

"Tree monts oop last night," Andersen said. "I go home for a week or tane days, den I kom back."

There was something in the man's face which prevented the contractor arguing the point, and he turned doubtfully to the wages-book. He knew Andersen of old, and that knowledge assured him that his return in a week or ten days was a highly improbable event. The amount to be paid was mentioned and agreed to, and the contractor prepared to draw out a cheque.

"Better take half of it," he suggested.

"I take it all," the Swede replied briefly.

The contractor shrugged his shoulders and made out the cheque; then he entered the amount and took the Swede's signature.

"There you are," he said, laying his hand on Andersen's shoulder. "I'm sorry you're going; you've worked like a brick. If I had twenty or thirty more like you I could make a living myself perhaps. Well, good luck; come back as soon as you can."

Andersen nodded, but said nothing, and stowing the cheque away carefully in his pocket, set out on his long tramp.

That night he camped in a thicket of tree ferns by the side of the clearing. For hours he lay on his back watching the stars as they gleamed through the delicate lacework of the arching fronds, and only towards dawn did he fall into a troubled sleep. The stars seemed nearest at

hand when least clearly seen; when he craned his neck and caught an uninterrupted view of them, they withdrew to an immeasurable distance. His mind went out to them in wonder, as the minds of all men have gone since men first were, but they returned him nothing more concrete than a doubt. Hitherto doubt had touched him with a fleeting wing, but in the starlight, in the dark hour when the life-tide ebbs, it settled and brooded. He offered no resistance, made no examination, but let it lie; it was not a thought, nor the consequence of a thought, but a mood, gathered, as a cloud is gathered, out of the immensity, and with the first touch of sunlight it was gone.

He continued his tramp down the hard, narrow track, formed by the packhorses among the stumps, and presently reached the camp of the road-makers. It was the dinner-hour, and the men were all in the hut. Some one standing in the doorway called to him by name, and as he continued on his way disregarding, added something which set the Swede pondering. He had not caught the words, or caught them but indistinctly; it may have been the trend of his own thoughts that set the sound of a name surging in his ears. What should the speaker have to say about that man? He stood still, half resolved to turn back, then resumed his way, his eyes bent on the ground. By noon he had reached the main road in the neighbourhood of M'Gregor's store. The store door was open, but there was no one in sight, and he entered and rapped on the counter. M'Gregor came in from the back.

"Oh, it's you, Andersen," he said, looking curiously and with some embarrassment at his visitor.

The Swede loosened his swag and sat down on a cabin-bread case. "Is Mr. Wickener here still?" he asked.

"Yes, but not to-day; he's gone to the wedding."

"Ah, and who vill be married to-day?"

"Miss Milward; the day after to-morrow. It seems you don't get much news out there."

The Swede looked thoughtfully out into the sunlight. "Ver leetle news," he said slowly. "Who vill she marry?"

"Fletcher. It has been the talk of the place for ages. Half the county will be there. And you have heard nothing about it?"

"Nuddings," said the Swede, and smiled in grim reverie.

Presently he roused himself and, taking the cheque from his pocket, turned to the storekeeper. "You can gif me moneys for dis?" he asked.

M'Gregor turned the document over and glanced at his visitor with more respect. "I think I can scrape together £25," he said, "and give you my own cheque for the balance."

Andersen nodded. "Gif me gold," he said.

"Gold? Good heavens! What are you talking about? There's no gold in Hokianga. What's wrong with bank-notes?"

"Bank - notes ver goot; gold is better."

M'Gregor went away into the interior and presently returned with a bundle of notes and eight sovereigns. "That's the best I can do for you," he said. "I ought to charge you a guinea apiece for the sovereigns, but seeing it's you — would you like a taste of the real stuff?" he broke off, lowering his voice to a whisper.

Andersen's face darkened as he stood up and shouldered his swag. "Ven I kom here before," he said, "you got no drink, also I got no money. Dis time I got the money, you got the drink. To hell with it!"

M'Gregor looked disconcerted and

angry. "That's all the thanks a man gets for being accommodating," he remarked. "Very well, my man, if you don't sing another tune in the course of a few hours I shall be astonished. Yes, off with you; you'll find you're expected all right, and I wish you joy of your welcome."

Andersen turned in the roadway, his eyes glowing fiercely, but though his lips moved, no word escaped him, and after a moment he resumed his way. The sky was of that hard steely-blue which denotes continued drought. Now and then an attenuated cloud arose above the tree tops and was slowly burnt and consumed in the glaring atmosphere. In the hollows the air smelt like a breath from a hot-house; on the hill-cuttings it glowed fiercely as from a furnace; nowhere, not even in the dense shadow, did it bring refreshment.

The Swede moved steadily forward, as though unconscious of the physical effort that put the miles determinedly behind him. His mood had changed from that of the day before. Hope was dead in his breast. He knew intuitively what was in front of him, though he had shrunk from the spoken word, but he did not know how he would meet the catastrophe, and he did not ask himself. He had no clear thoughts on the subject, only a heavy feeling of depression, breaking now and then into violent flashes like a thundercloud. The purpose which had animated him for three months urged him forward now, because the impulse of it was not spent; but it existed no longer, and his actions were as little the result of volition as those of a creature suddenly decapitated.

It was late in the afternoon when he came to the bend in the road where the track ran off to the Girds' section, and a few steps brought him in sight of his own house.

There was no one about on the

road. A few lean cows were cropping the weeds close under the broken windows, and an agitated pig rooted violently near the front door. The slip-rail was down, and a part of the fence had disappeared bodily, having probably been removed by neighbours in search of better protection to their own homesteads. No smoke issued from the rusty iron chimney, and no sound of life from the closed house.

Andersen moved forward and tried the door, the pig and cows, as though conscious that they were trespassing, breaking into a wild rush as he approached. The door was unfastened, and he opened it and entered the building. Apparently nothing had been removed since he was last in the house, but there was a musty smell from the rooms which spoke of long desertion. Spiders' webs stretched across the windows and doors, and the hearth was cold,—a puff of grey ashes and a charred stick under the rusty fire-bars.

The Swede loosened the straps of his swag and let it fall heavily and unheeded to the floor. A cloud of dust arose and surged in the sickly shaft of sunlight streaming through the dirty glass of the window. From a nail in the wall depended an old and faded blue skirt that caught his attention and stirred him dumbly. He looked at it fixedly for a moment and turned away into the inner rooms. Everything was in order, as though for immediate occupation, but the same chill air of desertion clouded the sordid picture, and he retraced his steps to the living-room. He drew a chair to the cold hearth and sat down, muttering under his breath, his hands mechanically extended, as though from force of habit acquired long ago and in a different climate. Every now and then his gaze returned to the skirt on the wall, and finally it drew him to his feet and over to-

wards it, till his hands were moving softly among the folds.

It was a pathetic garment of many darns, some carefully worked and almost imperceptible, others less elaborate, and so on down a diminishing scale of excellence to the merest rough makeshift, as though the wearer had gradually lost heart. The man turned it hither and thither with trembling fingers, finally raising it to his lips in a dumb caress. Then, leaving his swag where it had fallen, he went out into the evening sunlight, closing the door behind him.

The settlement road skirted round Bald Hill, but Andersen took the track that led directly to the top, and crossing the summit, entered the Bush. A ten minutes' walk brought him again on to the road in front of the *Hernshaws'* section. Across the road stood Robert's cottage, immaculate in a new coat of white paint, with a trim garden surrounded by a picket fence in front of it. The door stood invitingly open, and a hospitable curl of blue smoke went up from the chimney. Andersen crossed the road, opened the gate, and making his way to the door of the house, rapped with his knuckles on the panel. There was no response, and after awhile he knocked again, and then went round to the back. No one was in sight on the section or the road, and he sat patiently down on the doorstep and waited. Half an hour went by, and there was still no sign of the returning owners. At last he rose to his feet, and, entering the living-room, seated himself at the table. From his breast-pocket he pulled out first a red handkerchief, then his money. The cheque he returned to his pocket; the rest he left lying on the table, while he searched the room for writing materials. Nothing was to be found but a pencil, and with this he wrote largely and laboriously

on the white boards of the table, *Lena Hernshaw, from her father.* As an after-thought he covered the money with a tea-cup.

The last beams of sunlight were gilding the tops of the rata trees as he closed the gate behind him and turned down the road in the direction of his enemy's house. A quarter of an hour's walk brought him in sight of the section. A strong four-rail fence marked the road frontage. Within this was a paddock of maize extending back to the standing Bush, and presenting in its vivid green a strong contrast to the sombre foliage of the forest. Andersen turned off among the trees, and made his way by devious cattle-tracks until he judged himself to be in front of the house, when he stole forward towards the road. A thicket of tree ferns on the margin gave him the opportunity he sought, and he knelt down and peered through the stems.

Beckwith's house stood close to the road, a clump of bush, left either for shelter or ornament, enclosing it on three sides. It was a low rough building of considerable dimensions, with glass casements opening on to a broad verandah. Between the house and the road was a plantation of melons and sorghum, the rich musk scent of the ripening rock melons travelling to the nostrils of the watcher. Andersen could see his children at play among the vines, and hear their happy voices as they called to one another; but he had neither eyes nor ears for them, for on the verandah stood his wife.

The logic of facts is responsible for the wrecking of many theories. By all the canons of ethics, as it is preached, this should have been an unhappy woman; but the man knew as he gazed that never, even in the early days of their married life, had she eclipsed the radiance that now

possessed her. She was neatly and comfortably dressed, a touch of lace and ribbon at her bosom and throat spoke of a returned care for her personal appearance. Her face, fuller and more youthful-looking than of old, was bright with health and contentment. If she ever entertained fears or regrets, there was no sign of such in her countenance now as she stood looking down with smiling eyes on the children at play beneath her.

And the man as he gazed recognised dimly amid the last wreckage of his hopes the strong hand of Nature, which, regardless of the puny conventions of mankind and of the sufferings of the individual, fixes for ever her summoning eyes on the things not of to-day but of to-morrow. One steady gaze at his wife's face, and Andersen knew instinctively, knew by the very poignancy of his own wretchedness, that appeal was vain. There is no appeal from misery to happiness. The wretched to the wretched, the happy to the happy; but the reverse is a delusion, a mockery in sentiment and in fact.

So there in front of him was the problem. And since in even the coarsest natures are frequently concealed capacities for greatness and heroism, waiting only their proper crises, it may be that this man, purified and strengthened by months of hard toil and self-denial, would have reached a clear height of abnegation but for one fatal blemish in his armour, one ineradicable flaw in his constitution.

The brief evening light waned to darkness. The house and surroundings dimmed to a shadow against the limpid sky. A heavy dew began to settle, soft as starlight, on the parched lands. From a picture appealing to the eye the homestead began slowly to make demand on the sense of hearing. His wife's voice floated out high yet soft, the children responded from

this place and that at intervals. There was a heavy step on the verandah, a man's voice, brisk and strong, followed by murmuring and laughter. Presently he could hear a rush of feet as the children stormed the verandah, then the man's voice again, masterful, yet kindly; finally, a shuffling of feet and faint movements dying away into complete silence.

Andersen rose, and coming out on to the road stood for awhile irresolute. He was an alien in a strange land; an outcast, of whom none thought, for whom none cared. No place called to him. He was homeless, for to call that wretched, deserted dwelling,—now lost in the merciful oblivion of darkness—home was surely to commit sacrilege. Where, then, should he go? He moved irresolutely a few steps forward past the house. Here the high land above the river, which culminated in Bald Hill, fell suddenly away in broad and mighty slopes, forming a cup-like hollow of uncertain depth, full of forest and the sound of wind and waters. Down in the depths of it, the river, silver, pale, phosphorescent, stretched its truncated arms into the blackness. Round the pale sky-line the black hill-tops, curved and pinnaced, crested and plumed, seemingly strangely near at hand, formed the rim of the vessel, and above the rim, blazing with clustered lights, the sky arched itself, like a dome of limpid purple glass.

The Swede looked upwards into the glittering heights, and down into the trembling misty depths. Beneath his feet the descending road seemed suddenly cut off, leaving him, as it were, upon the edge of a mighty well of darkness, into which, if so he willed, he might plunge. The thought was without the horror that the clear definition of daylight might have engendered; and but that he knew the effect to be an illusion, the man might

have sought to solve the problem then and there. But the road wound gradually and safely down round the hill-slopes until it reached the county township, where another solution offered itself. For in the depths by the misty river sparkled a pin-point of light, only to be made out by the long scrutiny of accustomed eyes,—the light of the great kerosene lamp over the doorway of the hotel.

Slowly he began the descent of the hill.

There is no man so strong as to be independent of his fellows, and this man's will had already suffered shipwreck amid the quicksands of an unthinking youth. Yet with all his strength he had striven; and perhaps had Lena been at home when he went to the house, or even had she met him now, while the new life still wrestled with the old, her pity and her love might have saved him, and in saving him, saved others whose fate indirectly he was to determine. But Lena, newly come in from the Bush, whither she had gone to fetch her husband from his work, sat at the table, the money and the ill-written message before her, her blue eyes full of tears. And so the precious moment passed beyond recall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WITH bowed head and lagging footsteps the Swede began the descent. The steep incline came to an end on a level cutting round the hill-face. To the right the Bush rose solid and black; to the left, it fell away an ocean of verdure to the misty river. An impenetrable obscurity clothed the track and all adjacent; but the mind sees through other senses than the sight, and the voice of the Bush conveyed its own picture to the accustomed bushman. The night wind stirred the forest at intervals, coming

slowly from immeasurable distances, culminating in a rocking and groaning of branches, dying away with a diminishing roar against the face of the hill. In the pauses of the wind a low mysterious shuddering made itself audible,—a sound of awful majesty, one-toned, undying, afar, as it might be the roar of the great earth-wheel through the gulf of space. With gathering speed Andersen turned round the hill, away from the sight of the river, and entered the tremendous obscurity of the Bush.

Two hours later his pace had increased almost to a run. The long period of hesitation had passed. The impulse of his three months' purpose had spent itself and a fresh impulse taken its place. A rage of animal desire possessed him. His lips moved, his throat checked and swallowed, his eyes glowed like hot coals. A belated horseman coming up the road felt a pricking of the roots of his hair as the mysterious figure slipped past him into the night.

At a few minutes to ten the landlord of the Beach Public-House and a few toppers congregated round the bar were startled by the abrupt entry of a fresh customer, whom they recognised as Andersen the Swede. His face was set in hard lines, which, either from the effects of the lamplight or in response to inward emotion, trembled, and again fixed themselves in an expression of fierce expectancy. An immense desire blazed in his eyeballs, going out in front of him to the bright glitter of the spirit-bottles on the shelves. Even as he crossed from the doorway his hands fumbled with his breast-pocket, bringing forth the handkerchief and the cheque. His fingers trembled in his eagerness as he thrust the document forward under the hotel-keeper's eye.

The latter contemplated the cheque

with that combination of nonchalance and suspicion which denotes the frequent handling of such,—good, bad, and indifferent. Then he removed the stub of a cigar from between his teeth, rolled a displaced leaf carefully, and turned to the till.

"What is it, Andersen?"

"Visky."

The hotel-keeper smiled, placed a bottle and tumbler before him in the hospitable colonial fashion, and again moved to the drawer.

With trembling fingers the Swede drew the glass stopper and two-thirds filled the glass. The effect of the draught was electric. The hard muscular contractions of the face relaxed, the animal look died out of the eyes, a perfect placidity overspread the countenance. Hitherto the bystanders had watched the scene in silence, penetrated by a sense of the animality of the act; but now with the return of the human being they stirred, laughed, and drew nearer. One of them, a sottish-looking fellow, his rough clothing powdered with gum-dust, clapped the Swede on the shoulder.

"Well, Swedy," he cried, "how's things?"

"Fill 'em oop," said Andersen hospitably. "Vot dese gentlemen drink?"

"Long shandy, Bob." "Mine's plain whiskey." "Same here." "Schnapps for me."

The hotel-keeper dropped some loose silver back into the till and pushed over the change,—a sovereign short. "Yours whiskey, Andersen? Here you are then." And between the change and the bottle the Swede put the money in his pocket.

"Where you been, Swedy? Gosh! Thought you was dead. Us chaps are off the field. Milward's swamp—a devil of a place. Ever been there? Not in a season like this,

I reckon. The top's like a rock till you get down a bit, and then the gum's not much, eh, Lanky?"

The man addressed as Lanky was a cadaverous creature over six feet in height, with a thin uncouth beard. His forehead was of noble proportions. bulbous, massive, — the headpiece of a great thinker, a philosopher. The eyes were small and shifty, and beneath the eyes the face died away rapidly into boneless insignificance.

"The gum's not a great deal as you say, Chiffers," he returned with a curious harsh irony of tone, "but neither are the diggers. The solid gum comes from solid country, and the men who dig in swamps get corresponding results."

"Stow that," said Chiffers amiably. "None of your damned M.A. business among friends, James Oxenford, Esquire, Master of Arts."

Oxenford looked reflectively at his empty glass. "Have I had this drink," he asked, "or not?"

"Fill oop again," said the Swede, throwing some silver on the counter.

"That's the way to talk," said Chiffers enthusiastically. "Fact is, us chaps have touched bottom on this dive," — he glanced quickly at his companions — "and things was getting unholy dry with us till you popped in. Mine's same again. We've lasted well howsomever, ain't we, boys, considerin' the quality of the gum?"

The hotel-keeper saw to the replenishing of the glasses, then with a glance at the clock went out and closed the hotel-door. When he returned he screwed down the hotel-lamp and opened the door of a room behind the bar.

"Get in here, chaps," he said, "and not too much noise. We've got a new broom up at the station, and the township's on short allowance till he's done sweeping. That's your style.

You won't mind, Andersen? Yes, thanks, a cigar."

The men filed into the room nursing their glasses. It was a small place, floored with cheap oilcloth and furnished with a horse-hair sofa, a table, and a few bent-wood chairs. A series of pictures of negroes performing fantastically with mules ornamented the walls. The table was covered with a leather cloth, more or less glass-marked; on it lay a triangular scoring-board and a few packs of soiled cards.

Oxenford shouldered his companions aside, and seating himself at the table ran his long skinny hands lovingly over the cards. "Who's for a game?" he asked. "Euchre, bluff, whiskey-poker? Come along."

"If we're going down this tide it's time we made a start," some one objected.

"Damn the tide," said Chiffers. "What'll you play, Swedy?"

"First we fill 'em oop again," Andersen announced. The salient lines of his face had dissolved, leaving an expression of fatuous contentment and goodwill.

"Mr. Andersen is a man of few words," said Oxenford, dealing himself a hand and looking at it; "and every one of them to the point. Mine's a plain whiskey without intoxicants. Take your seats, gentlemen. The lowest deals. Deuce? Rackstraw has it. That's always the way with these men who say nothing. Fortune always favours them. Yes, bluff. There's no game makes greater demand on the sterner qualities, nerve and endurance. It's easy to look a man in the eye and tell him the truth. You need attributes before you can shrivel him with majestic lying. None of that, Chiffers! A shilling in and I'll raise it a bob. What! All stiff? Take a deal, Rackstraw." And Oxenford poured

the contents of the pool into his palm.

Chiffers swore loudly, but more in admiration than in dudgeon; a glimpse of Oxenford's hand as he threw it down had disclosed its paltriness.

The game, punctuated by drinks, continued with varying fortunes for an hour, then the Swede began to lose steadily. The liquor after his long abstinence had muddled him and the muddling began to rouse his anger. He got good hands and failed to win with them, now one, now another beating him by the narrowest margin. At last Chiffers dealt him a flush sequence, king high, and Andersen raised the pool a pound. Every one retired but Oxenford, who raised again. The Swede swore savagely and raised the pool two pounds, and Oxenford, after a momentary hesitation, met him and raised it an equal amount. There was a dead silence in the room, the three non-players watching Andersen keenly but paying little attention to the other player. The Swede, his eyes fierce and blood-shot, pulled out three dirty notes and then a fourth—his last—and called. Oxenford smiled ironically and exposed his hand card by card. "A remarkable coincidence, Mr. Andersen," he said; "I beat you by a point." And he reached out his hand for the pool.

But Andersen, whether suspicious of a trick, or besotted by drink and rage, was before him, and a sudden scuffle ensued. The sound of falling chairs and breaking glasses brought the hotel-keeper hurriedly from the rear of the house. His quick eye took in the scene, and with judgment born of experience he at once ranged himself on the side of the four men who were endeavouring to throw Andersen to the ground. The Swede, a powerful man at any time, now

raged and fought like a madman, but in the end numbers prevailed, and he was forced backward on to the verandah and hurled incontinently on to the beach, his head, as he fell, striking heavily against a post used for mooring boats at high water.

For a few minutes he lay stunned, then raised himself to his knees. The house was closed and in darkness, but he had already forgotten it, and with it the events of the last few hours. His dazzled brain had returned to the earlier part of the evening, and he imagined himself still peering through the stems of the tree ferns at the home of his enemy. But with this difference, that his mood had changed, darkened, and assumed a murderous quality. It seemed that now he learned his wife's treachery for the first time. All the repressed doubts and forebodings of the past few months rose up and took concrete shape in his mind. He had toiled and struggled and denied himself in vain. Every hour in which he had conceived himself drawing nearer to her had only served to cement the bond between her and that other man. And with the thought of him the smothered fire that had revealed itself on occasion in fierce flashes of physical effort glowed into violent flame. He rose to his feet and looked savagely about him. A strong breeze blew off the river, bringing refreshment and with it a half remembrance. The slate-black waves rolled in, broke into phosphorescent ridges, and spread themselves in sheets of pale flame across the sands. He watched them dizzily, and slowly there came to him a clearer understanding of his whereabouts. He remembered coming to the township, the taste of liquor followed by some dim unpleasantness. What it was precisely he could not recollect, but that it had some connection with Beckwith he felt assured.

He scaled the sea-wall on to the road, looked frowningly at the closed door of the hotel, and went his way back through the silent township up the long ascent into the Bush. As he came, so he returned, gathering impetus as he went, conscious of nothing but the black impulse of hatred that drove him. Yet he had formed no plan of action. Drink and the thirst for vengeance had stormed and carried the enfeebled ruins of his better nature; he went forward blindly to do their bidding.

At the cutting on the hill-face below the last steep ascent he paused, as he had paused earlier in the night, and looked across the great hollow to the encompassing hills. It wanted yet an hour of dawn; nevertheless, in one direction, there was a faint glow in the sky, radiating upwards, and gradually gaining in intensity. The night and all within it never mistake the advent of the dawn. Come she concealed in cloud and storm or draped in clinging mists, ere yet her foot has reached the threshold, she is known and acclaimed, and all dwellers in the open,—plant and beast and man—know the expectancy that creeps into the face of night when the immortal event is at hand. But now, beneath that increasing radiance, the earth lay still and unresponsive, the wind breathed in fitful blasts as of old, nothing stirred in the rocked branches; and presently over the hill, red and distorted, in her last quarter, came the creature of the night,—the moon. And with her, as though an evil influence distilled from her into the mind of the solitary watcher, came for the first time a distinct and definite purpose.

The Swede felt hurriedly in his pockets, clutched something in his hand, and with a laugh, like the cry of an animal that sees its prey in

sight, began the ascent of the hill. In a few minutes he had reached the summit and entered the clump of bush which sheltered Beckwith's house.

The sea-wind came up the river, spread itself in the hollow, swept roaring up the hillsides and was gone. The night on its passing became deadly still; not a leaf stirred; so pronounced was the silence that the sudden cracking of a twig assumed extravagant portentousness. Then, again, with all the vigour and freshness of its long journey across the Pacific, came the breeze, a whisper, a flood, an ocean of sound. But with its passing arose a roar mightier than its own, a complex sound; an infinite assemblage of diverse noises, shrieking, cracking, rending, tearing,—a note of majesty and of horror. And with it the sky lightened, appeared to close in, to shut down, forming, as it were, a roseate chamber in the night within whose luminous walls titanic shadows fled hither and thither, assisting at the birth of some awful event. For awhile the doomed Bush stood darkling, expectant; then from the midst of it the monster the night had hatched sprang forth gorgeous, triumphant. With an unholy joy he danced and bounded above his prey, tossing his radiant locks to the four quarters of heaven. In his tremendous presence the Bush shrank all at once into insignificance. For here in his naked glory leapt the earliest and greatest of the primeval gods, more ancient than life, older than the earth and stars, the Creator, the Destroyer. Again, this time unmarked in the hubbub, the wind rolled up the river-floor, paused in the valley, renewed itself, and swept with wide pinions the faces of the hills. With an eagle's swoop it seized the glittering Fire-god, bore him back, hurled him hither and

thither, tore at his flaming hair, scattering it broadcast through the sky. For a while it seemed that the battle must go to the wind; the fiery monster withdrew, lay hidden, roaring angrily in the dry heart of the woods; then insidiously he stretched forth his glittering arms, first one, then another, and locking the shuddering trees in an irresistible embrace, sprang once again erect. In an instant the whole Bush from edge to edge became a seething, rocking mass of flames.

Fire! Fire!

Then, insignificant no longer, transfigured rather beyond all living possibilities of loveliness, the Bush stood revealed to its centre. It became less a fire than an incandescence, waxing in brilliance to the point when, as it seemed, it must perforce burst into indistinguishable flame. Every leaf and twig of that fairy forest was wrought and hammered in virgin gold, every branch and trunk was a carved miracle of burnished copper. And from the golden leaves to the golden floor, floating or swiftly, there fell an unceasing rain of crimson flame-petals, of gorgeous flame-fruits. Depth after depth stood revealed, each transcending the last in loveliness. And as the eye sought to penetrate those magic interiors there seemed to open out yet further vistas, beyond belief beautiful, as of the streets of a city incorruptible, walled and towered, lost in the light of a golden, incomparable star.

Fire! Fire!

In the face of that vision of glory the cry rang out with all the ineptitude and inappropriateness of the human weakling. On one side the titanic forces of Nature, inexorable, eternal; on the other the man, frail of body, the creature of an hour, matching himself against them.

Fire! Fire!

Sheltering his face from the insufferable heat, the Swede hammered madly at the solid house-door. At the back, now utterly unapproachable, the kitchen, the roof, and a part of the main wall were already in flames. A few minutes,—five at the most—would complete the demolition of the house. To right and left the great trees one after another went off like rockets, the roar of their burning foliage shaking the very earth. A deafening crashing of falling timber came at intervals from the Bush beyond.

Frenzied by the continued disregard of his efforts, the Swede turned from the door and rushed full face at one of the windows. Woodwork and glass shivered and splintered at the impact and he rolled bruised and bleeding into the room. Then at last sounds of movement arose in the house itself, and Beckwith, horror struggling with sleep in his eyes, came through a doorway to the right of the house.

He stood still, staring at his companion. "You, Andersen! Save the boys! For God's sake save the boys! Quick—at the back!"

Like a man demented he turned and rushed back the way he had come.

Andersen darted into the hall and set wide the door; dense clouds of smoke were rolling forward from the back of the building. The first room he tried was empty. He dashed his fists into his eyes to rid himself of the scalding smoke, and penetrated further along the passage.

Was that a human sound, faint and smothered yet articulate, rising above the roaring pandemonium without?

The Swede made a final rush, found a door, opened it, and stumbled, half suffocated, into clearer air. Through the window the light of the blazing forest poured as bright as day, but every pane of glass was cracked and splintered by the terrific heat. On a

broad bed in one corner sat his eldest boy, sobbing aloud and monotonously shaking his three sleeping brothers. "They won't wake, father," he said piteously; "and this is the end of the world."

Andersen caught them up in his arms, bed-clothes and all, but the weight was beyond even his strength, and he set the eldest boy down. "I kom back, Sven," he said, looking into the child's eyes.

"Let me come with you father; I can walk."

"Ach, you can't walk on the burning floor; you got no boots, my poor one. You be a goot boy. I swear to mine Gott, I kom back."

"Oh, father, take me with you now! You will never come back; you never did come back."

The Swede looked through the window into the heart of the hell without, "Hear me, Christ Jesus," he said hoarsely; "dis I leave here is mine eldest sohn. With you I leave him."

Again he caught the three boys in his arms and dashed down the passage on to the verandah. The left side of the house was already in flames, and forks of light darted at him as he ran. Beckwith took the children from him and hurried with them back to the road, and once more Andersen turned to the burning building.

Whatever it had been before it was an act of sublime heroism now. Over the roof the flames were pouring in a living sheet that in a few minutes must envelope the whole house. From the passage, as from the mouth of a tunnel, the red smoke rolled acrid and insufferable. The Swede gathered himself, and with his arms before his

face dashed through flame and smoke to the room. He seized the boy, rolled him in the counterpane, and again turned to the exit. Nor was he an instant too soon, for even as he fled the flames broke through the partition walls and wrapped the right side of the house as the left in a cyclone of fire.

Choking, scorched, half blinded, he reached the verandah and leapt down. He saw a group of persons across the road, and Beckwith hurrying forward to meet him. All around the scene was brilliantly illuminated, he could make out the approaching man's face as clearly as if it were mid-day. And even as he caught sight of him he saw him pause and his face stiffen in sudden horror. Then he became aware of a stupendous roaring, of a dazzling light above, behind,—where exactly he knew not—and of voices calling to him warningly, supplicatingly, despairingly, from the group on the road. Of what was happening he had no knowledge, but in that instant there came to him an inspiration, and he acted on it. Drawing back his arms as he ran he hurled the boy forward full into Beckwith's breast. It was a feat of tremendous strength, such as none but a frenzied man would have attempted or succeeded in performing. And as the child left his arms there sprang up all around him a great and dazzling glory as of the kingdom of Heaven opened. For an instant he gazed into it, knew it as his heritage, and in that knowledge passed into eternal sleep.

But the agonised group on the road saw only the horror and splendour of the falling tree.

(To be continued.)

HALTING JUSTICE

IN a recent number of this magazine I ventured to suggest an alternative to the proposal, emanating from high legal quarters, that more judges should be appointed in order to check the accumulation of arrears at the Law Courts.¹ My suggestion took the shape of a reform of the wasteful Circuit system, which would check the drain upon the judicial strength, and leave more judges available for the Courts. To the instances of flagrant waste of time on Circuit then produced others have since been added. For instance, Mr. Justice Lawrence has been called away to Beaumaris to try one case, and Mr. Justice Channell, at Maidstone, has been provoked to complain that half the cases in his Calendar might easily have been dealt with at Quarter Sessions. But my present purpose is not to produce fresh proof of a sufficiently proven fact; the Circuit system may be left to supply its own condemnation through such incidents as those aforesaid.

The grievance of delay is due to no solitary cause. It is refreshed and fostered by many circumstances, of which the drafting away of judges on needless journeys is, nevertheless, the chief. For these additional causes search must be made not north, south, east, or west of the Metropolis, but within the precincts of the High Courts. Neither must they necessarily be looked for in the intricacies of legal procedure, confounding as they are. Without treading upon the perilous ground of contempt the view

may be ventured that there is such a thing as judicial lethargy, or sluggishness, or slowness, all varieties of the same ailment, and possibly also (which is an even more venturesome proposition) judicial incompetence, in the sense not of actual attainments but of the judicial instinct and faculty. Lacking these latter qualities your cleverest, soundest judge may be a drag upon the car of administrative law. It would be unreasonable to expect that every judge should have the lightning grasp of essentials, the quick digestion of legal documents, that distinguished Sir George Jessel, who never wrote a judgment, but made up his mind on the spot, and earned for the Rolls Court in Chancery Lane a reputation for legal rapidity. But surely it is not too much to require in every judge such a moderate degree of speed as a quick-living age demands. Yet it is by chance more than by intent that our Judicial Bench takes unto itself at intervals a man of quick decision; the quality has apparently no bearing on selection, even when likely candidates are equal in other respects.

The matter is by no means a trifling one. It is no answer to say that what one judge lacks in speed another makes up. For the strange thing that happens is this,—the slowness of an individual judge seems to set the stamp of slowness on a whole Division. In other words the strength of the chain is governed by its weakest link. It is of little use Mr. Justice Swift insisting that, "It's a case of rabbits; let us keep to rabbits," if Mr. Justice Slow demands that hares and part-

¹ MORE JUDGES? by Frederick Payler. February, 1905.

ridges shall also be subjects for argument. The cause lists will contain many untried actions at the end of the terms when such procedure obtains.

The state of things at the present time supplies an excellent illustration of this point, and, moreover, proves beyond dispute that sustained energy and boldness may go far to remove complaints of a hopeless state of litigation at the Law Courts. Two years ago the position of the Court of Appeal was deplorable. He was a fortunate appellant whose case was heard within twelve months of its being set down for hearing. Happily their Lordships saw the danger, framed a policy, and pursued it. What has been the result? Business in the Division was never in a healthier condition than it now is. At the commencement of Hilary Term there were forty-one cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act standing in the list. They were grappled with, and in a fortnight were all disposed of. As for the new trial and final papers, they are within measurable distance of being brought up to date. The Chancery and Admiralty appeals alone give cause for anxiety. In short, such progress has been made that towards the end of the term their Lordships felt justified in taking a few days' rest, for which no reasonable man will blame them. All this has been secured by commencing the term with a set purpose and adhering to it. The cases have not been on the whole simpler than before, but there has been a masterful spirit abroad, a disposition to make headway, and a not too great exactness as to adjourning the Courts on the stroke of four.

In the Chancery Division, once the symbol for delay, a still better state of things exists. Here there is no weak link in the chain, but the metal is solid throughout and more than

equal to any strain likely to be put upon it. Timorousness has no place on the bench of any one of the six Courts,—the timorousness that seeks to please all parties and succeeds in pleasing none, such as earned for Lord Keeper Bridgman his reputation for creating delay. Cromwell tried to remedy the delay which had made the Court of Chancery a by-word in his time by ordering that every case should be tried on the day it was entered. An authority states that in those unhappy times there were 20,000 causes depending in Chancery, some of thirty years' standing, and that there was absolutely no established practice, for what was done one day was undone the next. Although we have not yet realised Cromwell's blessed dictum, we have progressed a very long way towards doing so, and that without resorting to the device of Lord Enniskillen, who, having a dispute with an elderly lady about a strip of land, settled it with a toss of the coin. Whereas five or six years ago twelve months usually elapsed before a Chancery suit entered was reached, now half as many weeks is not an unusual interval, and one explanation is not to be found in a smaller number of suits.

For all practical purposes the Chancery Division is abreast of its work. Indeed it is ahead of its work, for during a considerable part of Hilary Term one or more of the judges were assisting their brethren of the Common Law Division through lack of work to employ them in their own Courts. It was not always so. At a not very distant date the Common Law judges were frequently called upon to assist the Equity side. But the experiment was not successful. The judge accustomed to dealing with verbal evidence became tedious with abstruse legal documents

before him; he was like a fish out of water. It is different with the Equity judge engaged upon non-jury cases at Common Law. He has the advantage of being familiar both with the evidence of witnesses and documentary evidence; he has the faculty of getting to the core of a matter at once; he knows when to skip and when to pause. The result is an expedition in the hearing of this kind of case by Chancery judges not always to be found in a King's Bench Court. Lists are thinned out with strange rapidity. Officials sitting in the Courts bear testimony to this facility; and none venture to suggest that the decisions entered are less just than elsewhere. It is not a case of "more haste less speed" or of that "swift injustice" attributed to Vice-Chancellor Sir John Leach. Glancing through the list of judges it cannot be alleged that those most expeditious in their methods are the least sound in their conclusions. Rather could evidence be cited to the contrary.

But it is only the sound judge who can afford to act decisively. So it is also the strong judge alone who can afford to rely upon himself rather than depend upon Case Law. Chief Baron Kelly was a conspicuous example of the man who may be a good judge without being a slave to precedents, which foster laborious argument, encourage delay, and sometimes lead to inequitable results. It was said of him that he had a lively contempt for the legal bookshelf, and preferred to trust to general, equitable principles rather than to decided cases which might have doubtful resemblance in essentials to the matter in hand. Unquestionably this consistent appeal to precedent is a sign of the mind uncertain of its own powers, and a fruitful cause of wasted time. With truth it has been called a vice of the time. It is a two-edged

weapon, dangerous to toy with, for though it serves to preserve something like uniformity in decisions, it operates also to perpetuate unjust decisions. Happily some of our best legal intellects are striving to dethrone Case Law from the position of arbitrary dominance in which some have placed it. Not very long ago a puisne judge decided a case in a certain way on the assumption that he was bound by precedent, but the Court of Appeal took a freer view and overruled him. This is evidence of a quickening intelligence tending in the direction of hastening business.

The tangible result, then, of astute minds bearing upon ordinary cases is a reasonable rapidity in clearing the lists. That much is obvious to all; but there is an even more certain result, not so patent to casual observers, yet often remarked upon by people professionally concerned. When it becomes known that a Chancery judge is dealing with Common Law cases there is a stimulated disposition to settle cases out of Court. Suits not reached one day mysteriously disappear from the lists before next day. It would seem that any lingering hope of pulling through a bad case receives a rude shock and is dissipated. Thus the Law gains in a double sense,—in reputation, and in relief from pressure. By no means must this be taken as a wholesale elevation of the Chancery judges to the disparagement of their brethren of the Common Law side. It is questionable whether similar results would follow were the Equity judges entrusted with jury cases. The facts really point to a failure to make the best use of the machinery at hand. Judges are apportioned to Divisions on a principle laid down in the Judicature Acts and based on the advocacy of Lord Brougham, namely, the principle that certain judges shall take

business of a certain character. It is a principle sound in theory, and possibly defective in practice only in this particular connection. That the Common Law judge is usually not so keen at fathoming intricate matters as his Chancery colleague is not his fault, but the fault of his training. The fact remains, however, that the Chancery judge on account of his training is not only unassailable in his own special department but, taken man for man, has the advantage of his Common Law brother in a class of case which is outside his ordinary purview. Lamentable as the delay in King's Bench litigation now is, one surmises with a shudder what it would have been had the Chancery judges not come to the rescue over and over again. It would really appear, indeed, that a judge permanently transferred from the Chancery side to the King's Bench Division would not be a bad disposition of strength as matters now stand, for while in the one branch their Lordships have not work enough to employ their time, in the other there is a chronic glut of business.

All the more desirable is it that the judicial mind should be alert in face of Mr. Justice Walton's statement at the recent Liverpool Assizes, after hearing a case which had lasted a week, "All trials are getting longer nowadays." This applies to civil and criminal proceedings alike, and among the chief causes are to be numbered the increasing subtlety of the legal mind, a deficient sense of proportion between the issues involved and the cost of the remedy, and the increase in the number of actions affecting wealthy Companies with well filled war-chests. All these things have a bearing on the length of a law-suit. Of late years Company matters have increased prodigiously, and no class of case is fought out more bitterly, or

with greater attention to detail. If one or two of these causes stand in the list during the Circuit periods, and the staff of judges at the Courts is small, the effect on other cases is disastrous. It is interesting to recall a few recent cases that confirm Mr. Justice Walton's statement as to the tendency of litigation in modern times, and the selection will testify that it is not to any particular Division, but to all alike, that his remarks apply so far as the High Courts are concerned. Take the Divorce Division. The *Hartopp v. Hartopp* and *Cowley* case occupied thirteen whole days, demanded the attendance of fourteen counsel, and entailed the calling of fifty-five witnesses. The *Pollard v. Pollard* intervention proceedings occupied eleven days, as a mere preliminary to prosecutions at the Old Bailey which ran away with many weeks. *J. and P. Coates v. Crosland*, a Chancery matter, employed Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady and sixteen counsel more than a fortnight. Ten days were absorbed in the King's Bench Division with the case *Denaby Main Colliery Company v. The Mines Association*. The slander action of *Sievier v. Duke*, took a full week; and the huge bulk of time allotted to the *London and Globe* case may be gauged from the fact that it kept twenty-three lawyers busily employed, the largest number probably ever briefed in a single trial. But it is not only in these big cases that the leaning is towards prolonged hearings. The same tendency is noticeable in much smaller matters, and must be taken as one among lesser factors in the production of arrears.

One is tempted, when referring to business at the Law Courts, to stray somewhat on a wider and perhaps more generally attractive field of contemplation,—the love of litigation, which is, after all, the initial cause of

the discord created by arrears. Your average man of pugnacious temperament delights to "have the law" on his neighbour; and your woman, too, for there are hosts of Widow Blackacres, pertinacious as Wycherley's original. Take the case, for instance, of the confirmed litigant Mrs. Cathcart, now adjudged "incapable of managing herself or her affairs," of the late Miss Gertrude Jenner, familiar in the Courts for half a century, of Mrs. Druce, the irrepressible claimant to the Portland estates, and of Mrs. Weldon, who brought so many actions against public men that she was declared to know more law than most lawyers. There is a fascination about legal warfare difficult of comprehension by the quiet, retiring individual. It fixes only upon certain temperaments, and once established rarely releases its victim. Dissipation is not a more masterful affliction. Sir John Macdonell tells us in his latest judicial statistics that in the year 1903 one person in every twenty of the population found occasion to go to law.

No actuarial calculation should tell with even approximate exactness the actual financial cost of this indulgence. The full cost of an action never finds place in any public record, but such expenditure as comes within the cognisance of the High Court alone reached, in 1903, the enormous sum of £1,561,975. And how much real satisfaction to the litigants did this bring? A victory at law is often a poor thing, leaving many a sting behind. The wise man, unless his honour be assailed and calls for public reinstatement, fights shy of a lawsuit, even though he is assured of victory if he fights, and suffers slight damage by his reticence. None give heartier endorsement to this proposition than the judges themselves. While conducting an assize

case at Birmingham in January last, Mr. Justice Bucknill backed up an appeal to the parties to come to a settlement with these well-considered words: "I know a great deal more about the law than you do. I have been in the law since 1868, and I can tell you my own experience is this,—if you can meet your enemy halfway it is much better to do so than to fight to the bitter end, even supposing you are right." Other judges have propounded the same idea, and from such sources the words carry weight.

But the fighting spirit dominates and men fly to law on the slightest provocation, regardless of the cost of the remedy they are espousing, and knowing still less of its pitfalls. Not many months ago Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., applied for leave to appeal in a matter which involved the recovery of the modest sum of £50, and yet had cost at the first trial £1,000. The appeal would run away with little short of another £1,000. A few years ago £600 was spent in Chancery proceedings over a matter which with the exercise of a compromising spirit could have been set right for £5. The Law may be stupid, as some declare, or it may not be; it certainly is a ravenous consumer of hard-earned gains. Seven days trial in the Great Lake George Mines case cost the defendants alone £15,000, and the plaintiffs about the same figure. In *Cavendish v. Strutt* (the notorious *Planchette* case) £7,000 changed hands before a result was obtained. The Law ate up £20,000 in settling the disputes between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Cohen, and a similar sum was necessary to satisfy justice in the action between Lord Suffield and the same defendant; while a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court, which not long ago swallowed up £15,000, was so little decisive in

result that a new trial has been necessary, fortunately a more effectual and less costly one. These were all matters unquestionably in which a few thousands more or less did not much matter to the litigants, but to obtain the same results the poor man would have to face the same drain. People of moderate means, and people who are absolutely poor, would do well, before launching upon the troubled waters of litigation, to pause and heed the wholesome advice, given with studied conviction, by the General Federation of Trade Unions, when reporting upon the second Taff Vale trial, which had cost between £15,000 and £20,000: "We are perfectly satisfied that litigation is too expensive a luxury for working men, either acting as individuals or in association." There is Mr. Justice Bucknill's declaration fortified by concrete experience!

An overlapping and delicate question arises consecutively in relation to this very interesting subject,—how far does the lower branch of the legal profession perform its duty in regard to the advising of clients? The question is an extremely pertinent one, and need be put under no stigma of impropriety. It is often raised in the Courts; judges not infrequently question the soundness of the advice which brings matters to public trial. Of solicitors as a body it cannot be gainsaid that their advice is honest and impartial; but it is equally incontrovertible that many a client sanctions the issue of a writ without having had the benefit of that disinterested advice as to his prospects of success which he pays for and is entitled to receive. There is admittedly a class of adviser whose mind is applied more to the question of costs than to the interests of the client. A well-worn story illustrates the point. In a small country parish was an old practitioner,

the only one of his profession. From being fairly lucrative, his business had diminished until it brought in hardly any revenue. Depressed and disappointed, he communicated to a friend his intention of quitting the place as he had nothing to do. "Don't do that," said the friend. "Wait a bit; there's another solicitor coming to settle here; you'll soon have plenty of business." The suggestion was, obviously, that clients would be turned to mutual profit through being urged to fight each other. The story may lack veracity, but it serves to point a well-known fact in professional ethics. Unnecessary and vexatious litigation is too common to be overlooked, and although there are clients who from pique or pride will insist upon it, there is no question that they sometimes receive encouragement in quarters where it should by all the rules of fair dealing be withheld. "The parties should never have been allowed to come here," sternly remarked a King's Bench judge very recently; and it was plain to all observers that he was right.

That matters are capable of amicable settlement is proved over and over again by incidents that do not meet the eye, or escape the observation, of the public. An action that would readily have been submitted to the tribunal of one judge, is hastily withdrawn on terms should it be transferred to another judge of different methods and reputation. Reference has already been made to the singular facility displayed in settling Common Law actions that have been transferred to an astute Chancery judge. Clearly these cases are for the most part of a class that ought never to have been entered at all; but they continue to swell the lists and are a factor in creating arrears. To decry litigation as a

whole would be as foolish as useless. No age ever did without it, or ever could. But it is too often forgotten that the right application of legal assistance consists in smoothing away friction and not in increasing it, in relieving the Courts of as much work as possible and not in thrusting it upon them. The bearing of this topic upon the subject of the present paper is, therefore, not inconsiderable. Arrears would be fewer if clients were wiser and their advisers sometimes more candid with them. And candour in this connection would be all but universal were there a certainty that the matters at issue would, if contested, come up for adjudication before men keen-witted and wise by instinct and by training. Can all our judges accurately be said to conform to that description? When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor his dispatch of business was so marked

that it was facetiously said of him :

When *More* some years had Chancellor been
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen
Till *More* be there again.

Chancery speed has wavered a good deal since that electric period, and although no ghost of More has sprung up to point the prophesy, the advancement made has been remarkable. On April 8th, 1902, a writ was issued in a Chancery suit, and not only were all the forms gone through but the action was tried and decided by May 12th. Such despatch would not have been dreamed of half-a-dozen years ago. When it spreads to the King's Bench Division two of the severest pains and penalties bred of litigation will have been removed,—prolonged anxiety and ruinous cost.

FREDERICK PAYLER.

THE COTTAGE BY THE WATERS.

THERE is a small village lying three miles off the great highway which runs northward through the eastern counties. It is not a Highland village, for the hills are behind it, and before it are the fields of the garden of Scotland; but it is remote from towns and sequestered from their turmoil in an unbroken Sabbath calm. And the people are not unlike the place, men of simple manners and speech whose modest destiny is unclouded by ambition and after quiet years of honest labour is finally accomplished in peace. In the village itself there is nothing to detain the eye or excite curiosity, though the country-side is as famous in history and tradition as any in the land. In days long passed away the wild hillmen visited its fertile plains with fire and sword, descending like a vagrant and destroying tempest upon the white fields of the south country. Within its borders are a few of the great houses of the old nobility and gentry, some of them fallen now into neglect and buried from sight in the confusion of impenetrable thickets and the rank misgrowths of a hundred years. Here, too, is the very ground on which were pleaded not in vain the great causes of religion and liberty, pleaded with the eloquence of the sword and the persuasion of heroic example. But not a trace of these tumults and embroilments remains to memorialise the bitterness of the past. They are recorded in history and not written across the face of the land, though it may well be that they to whom the land has passed as a heritage still keep some record of bygone

struggles in the quiet independence and simple nobility of their lives; but looking (it seems only yesterday) upon this angle of the great valley of Strathmore under the stars of a night in summer I fell in love with the fancy that in such a habitation God rested from His labours, and that the primal blessing of peace has never since departed beyond its gates.

The cottage by the Waters is distant from the village about one quarter of a mile. It stands by the road-side, but it does not stand alone. The more pretentious dwelling of the exciseman is exactly opposite to it, and less than a stone's throw farther along the road there is another cottage not unlike that which I am about to describe. These three houses grouped together form a kind of outpost from the village. On both sides of the road the ground rises steeply to a considerable height; in fact the road follows the course of a small stream running between the wooded slopes of the hills, and this little outpost of houses in the valley the villagers call the Waters. From the Waters nothing is visible of the village itself except the kirk and manse which are built upon the hill; but if some magic were to transform this upland village into a city then assuredly the Waters would become a suburb. The little road-side cottage at the Waters I have known now for many a year. My earliest recollections of it date back to the misty antiquity of childhood. Before circumstances made the existence of an exciseman necessary in the district, I often lived under the roof which now shelters him and a large and rapidly accumulating

family. To me the cottage by the Waters was always something of a mystery. It was mysterious then; and after a lapse of many years, during which I came to an intimate acquaintance with its inmates, I doubt if the charm which it wove round my childhood has been altogether dispelled. Not that the cottage itself possessed any special charm, for a more commonplace dwelling of its kind could not be found from end to end of the land. Its whitewashed walls are naked and not, as might have been the case, embowered in roses or covered with trailing plants. It falls far short of the ideal, even such an ideal as De Quincey worked into his vision of perfect happiness, a cottage which was not only charming to the eye but restful to the heart. Without, it was fair to look upon; and within it boasted a drawing-room or library in which the master sat at ease by the blazing logs with a volume of German metaphysics and an eternal teapot, the liquid comforter administered from the fair hands and with the radiant smiles of beauty. Such was the cottage of a scholar; but not such is the cottage by the Waters, the cottage that I know.

No, there was nothing in those bare walls which captured my early fancy; and once I had won a welcome within there was still less which pertained to a reasonable ideal. But this lowly and somewhat unprepossessing habitation screened from the public gaze the private life of two people whose history and habits made full amends to me for the uninteresting appearance of their dwelling-place. The sole inhabitants of the cottage were a mother and son whose contrasted characters and manners of life would have furnished the leisure of a philosopher with ample employment. Much of a philosopher I, who had not come into my 'teens, could not

have been, but I watched the movements of my unknown friends on the other side of the road with absorbing interest. Even then the mother was an old woman, very old with a little brown face and a brow upon which age and care had ploughed deep furrows. When she walked she stooped as one far gone in years to whom the additional lease of life entailed naught but labour and sorrow. I used to see her moving about her garden and leaning heavily upon her staff. Never once from the first time my eyes rested upon that little bent figure did I see her beyond the garden gate; and my acquaintanceship with her lasted for at least a dozen years. A great part of the summer day she seemed to live in her garden, dividing her attention between the poultry at the back of her dwelling and the gooseberry bushes in front of it. She was out early in the morning feeding her fowls and muttering the while to herself or to them; and after sundown she was still there, always alone, always moving restlessly about, and nearly always talking to herself, though scarce above a whisper. She was always dressed alike, morning and evening, week-day and Sabbath. She wore a kind of black mutch which entirely covered her head except the little brown withered face. For all her great age her eyes were as bright as a young girl's. Time, which had humiliated the pride of youth, which had bent her body almost to the ground and written the language of decay across her forehead, which had turned her hair white and thin and wasted to ashes the vital fires, time, I say, had yet left her eyes as dark, as keen, as lustrous as when in the heyday of youth they had looked out upon the world some seventy or eighty years ago. The figure of this aged woman, with the bright eyes lighting up under her mutch the old

shrivelled face, wrapped round the shoulders with a shawl, bowed almost to the ground under a great burden of years and supported with a staff, this figure as it hirpled about the garden from the morning dews till the sunset was what commended itself to the speculation of my earliest years.

The other inhabitant of the cottage was her son; the relationship, when I first heard of it, struck me dumb with astonishment. To judge by his looks, one would warrant him already an old man, though well set up for his years. In stature he was tall, and his carriage had something of stateliness. His hair was turning from grey to white, but else his face and brow were unruffled by age. His demeanour was grave, grave, I fancied, almost to sternness, but his eyes (they were his mother's eyes) were kind as well as keen. He, too, affected only one fashion of dress, but the dress was of a man belonging to a different life from that which his mother and his neighbours knew. He always wore a black coat and a soft felt hat; and this dress, unknown to others except on a Sabbath, made his figure singular in the street and surrounded him with much rustic awe and reverence. He had no vocation which called him from home, or even beyond his own door. He was neither clergyman nor physician, and that puzzled me much. With the peddling industries of the village he had not a shadow of concern. He sat alone in his pew in the parish kirk, though he was often absent. To scarcely anyone did he talk, for there were few people to talk to, even if he had been minded to do so; but the wish, I think, he never entertained. His speech was not of a quality to be acquired in that neighbourhood, and could never have been learned from his mother. She

spoke nothing but the plain Scots in unaffected purity, while her son spoke like a man who had been bred far beyond his native hills.

At first I knew nothing of them but what I saw with my eyes. What was the manner of their life, what kind of house they kept, I had no means of knowing. But a day came when the mistress of the cottage invited me into her garden. After that I went often, and one day she invited me into her house. So my acquaintanceship with her ripened, and through her with her son. My recollections of them are hazarded upon visits paid to the cottage during a considerable number of years; but from the first there was something about the mother of this son so unlike herself which, like a magnet, attracted my steps to the cottage by the Waters. Her age was indeed great even when I knew her first. She had been born some years before the battle of Waterloo, and at the time of my first conversation with her it wanted less than a decade of the twentieth century. 'Twas a marvellous age, I thought, and to me she became more sacred and venerable and full of wisdom than was ever the holy oracle of Delphi to the Greeks. It was this air of antiquity which fascinated me and made the kitchen of her cottage like a temple of ancient days. Here, in the kitchen, I never saw the master. He lived apart in what he called the other end, whither I went to find him when my business and inclination lay that way. But it was in the kitchen that she always entertained me, for there I suppose she lived. She used to dust a chair and place it in a good light, bidding me sit down while she stood before me like an ancient priestess, leaning always upon her staff and watching my face with her keen dark eyes. Not up to the very last did her mind fall

into dotage ; but there was always a haunting note of melancholy in her voice, and that though her life had been singularly uneventful and happy. It was a melancholy which was not querulous, but which was inseparable from old age. She seemed to feel that the candle was burning low in the socket, and that between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn the distance for her was swiftly ebbing away.

So she used to stand before me and talk while I listened. The interior of such a room as she inhabited has often furnished a theme for the brushes of the best masters, and is familiar enough even to those who have no personal acquaintance with the original. A perpetual twilight seemed to linger there, so that the firelight danced and played upon the walls in shuddering gleams. A bed screened off with red curtains, a few wooden chairs and a table, a dresser covered with some ancient pieces of crockery, a few prints on the walls,—these homely articles made all but the full tale of furniture. The floor of the room was paved with sandstone, and a huge pot swung across the hearth. There was nothing else that I remember, except an ancient eight-day clock which ticked mournfully in a corner with the rhythm of an Ionian elegy. It used to keep time with a line of Simonides which would go marching through my head with its threnetic burden of prophecy, that the race of man must fade like the leaves of the forest. I can remember most of her speeches, though to quote them might be a thankless task, and to translate them from their native Scotch would mar them sadly. She repeated herself so far as to recount the same tales on every occasion that I visited her, but the effect of their repetition was to invest them with the solemnity and impressive mono-

tony of a ritual, and to touch them with an indescribable quality of pathos. She had only one grievance, and the telling of it was the inevitable preface of all her conversation. She had once been injured by the calumny of a friend, and the undeserved taunts had stabbed the old woman's heart with mortal pain. It was ancient history when I came to know her, but she never forgot the injury, though her calumniator had long since gone to her account. She always closed the narrative with an absolution pronounced upon the woman who wronged her. "But she's deid noo, yea, yea," as if death had brought their differences to a final adjustment. "Yea, yea," were the words with which she ended all her speeches, and her *yea, yea* was as much a benediction as a sigh.

The master lived apart in the other end. The room in which he spent his days might have passed for the chamber of an ascetic, and such indeed it was. It was meagrely furnished, and what furniture it did contain was none of the most comfortable. Upon the walls there were two pictures that kept very ill company. They were both portraits, one of a famous Moderator of the General Assembly, the other of Robert Burns ; and they stared at each other across the breadth of the little room with mutual animosity. The mistress of the cottage was a kinswoman of the national poet, whose family had migrated from the north-east country to the west land ; and so the portrait of Robert the rhymier was counted among the *imagines* of the household. But neither mother nor son seemed to pride themselves much upon the advantage of such a connection. The room was, in fact, the museum and laboratory of a man of science. Instruments of various sorts lay upon the table and every avail-

able space in the apartment was filled with huge volumes containing diagrams and cryptic scriptures to which my eye was a blind and undiscerning stranger. Had it not been the splendid sunset of the nineteenth century that shone upon him, had it been the light of the Dark Ages in which this retired scholar pursued his studies, he would have been reckoned a dealer in magic. If not an astrologer, certain he was an astronomer; and his telescope often stood in the garden aiming at the sun or stars. His aged mother, I think, had grave doubts about those attempts to decipher the mysteries of the Infinite, though they were suffered to slumber in silence. She had been bred up in the knowledge of one book, and had got no tincture of carnal learning. Sometimes she would steal upon us unobserved while the mysterious charts were outspread before us. All the scientific apparatus with which her son employed himself, his telescopes, microscopes, instruments of measurement, diagrams, charts, and so forth, she knew not how to name. To her without discrimination they were simply the "things," for the prouder designations with which they had been baptised her tongue had never mastered. And after a covert glance at the things and at us she would retreat hastily to her own quarters, talking softly to herself and closing her spoken meditation with a mournful *yea, yea*.

The things occupied the chief place of honour in the master's room, and besides them there was little else. His books were uniformly upon topics relative to abstruse learning, and my heart seldom warmed at the sight of them. Only one friend did I find among them, an old copy of good Sir Thomas Browne, to whom the hermit of the cottage was entirely devoted. His life was as solitary as his mother's,

although he went further afield. He had little intercourse with the minister of the parish, who strayed indolently among the luxurious pastures of literature, or wandered at his ease across the quiet fields of philosophy,—and those not the most rigid. Perhaps my friend was proud of his learning, which raised him above the gross rusticity of his environment; and if he were challenged to a debate he might have proved something of a dogmatist, if not absolute in his opinions. I was his sole audience, and out of the chancery of his wisdom he dispensed in my ears secrets of the stars, and of the rocks, and of the myriad life that peopled the floors of the primeval seas, until finally he entered upon the diviner conclusions of his philosophy deduced from the universal manuscript which Nature had unrolled before his eyes. I know not if he loved, as his mother did, the great book in which she read in the evening, when the lamp was lit and the shutters closed against the gathering gloom. Sure I am that he revered her in the white and feeble winter of her years even more than when, out of that same book, she laboured over his first lessons upon which, as a foundation, he had raised that quiet edifice of knowledge to be the comforter of his solitude and the pride and stay of his life.

In this fashion they lived together in the cottage by the Waters. One of them had passed all her days in that quiet strath, seldom journeying into the southern towns, and resting well content with the simplicity of her surroundings. The century was young when she was young: it and she had grown old together, and were now fallen upon the last decline; but her world knew little that was changed. In her childhood the trumpets of war were ringing over other lands, and the smoke of battle was drifting across their fields; but it was upon the same

peaceful strath under the shadow of the unchanging hills that the sun in those far off days rose in the fresh mornings out of the eastern sea, and at his setting crowned with his expiring fires the dark brows of Cloch na Ben. In only one particular was there a change against which there was no remedy; she had outstayed the last of her friends in the scenes of her youth. Some had crossed the seas to far countries and had passed beyond her ken; most had travelled to a still further country from which no tidings ever came. 'Tis no wonder if her voice was wistful, when every memory had its burden of regret and her present was peopled with spectres of the past, while she herself stood upon the brink of the last things.

With the other it was different. He had been abroad in the world and learned much, though what he learned he thought it well to keep to himself. What he wrote and said he never intended to travel beyond the walls of his cottage. He was contented that the remainder of his days should be lived where they had their beginning, where he would inherit his mother's last blessing, and enjoy the companionship of his books, those stout friends, unobtrusive and human too,

which are peace and plenty to those that love them. I remember well the last I saw of them both before the inevitable separation. It was in the spring of the year when the bitter breath of the winds blew kindlier from the hills, and the fields and woods of the low country were gently unlocking themselves from the cold embrace of winter. As she bade me farewell her trembling hands pressed into mine a small package of eggs which she always liked me to take with me to the south. Then, with the privilege of more years than fall to the lot of most, she pronounced in my ears the solemn words of remembrance from the Preacher, to be mindful of the better life while the evil days come not and the years when man shall take no pleasure in them. Not long after came her release under that Royal Hand whose writs visit the outermost shores of life. I never saw her again, and the master lives kithless and kinless now in his cottage by the Waters. But he told me that in her second childhood she had looked to him as to her mother, until among the wet violets of early summer, when the grave has no dishonour, he gently returned her to the common mother of us all.

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

HENRY HUDSON, NAVIGATOR.

EVEN homekeeping Englishmen can understand something of the fascination of the East. It has so much that the West has not; colour and spicy smells, an older civilisation and older religions than ours, and an immemorial leisure wherein life passes slowly and nothing is ever sudden or hurried, save only death. These are attractions beside which our drab lives of toil and haste seem sordid, petty, undignified. But who shall analyse the stranger fascination of the North? Who can explain why the man who has once been touched by the frozen breath of the Pole must needs return to its white solitudes—

Where no man comes,
Or hath come since the making
of the world?

Are the souls of men subject to the same magnetic attraction as the needle of the compass, or is there some secret, elusive charm in living in the midst of lifelessness such as could only be likened to the dawn of creation, before the earth became fertile, or the beasts brought forth after their kind? What else should induce men who have endured the dreary changelessness of the long Arctic day, or seen the long Arctic night flicker with the fantastic flames of the Aurora Borealis, to return again and yet again from the homely English sea-port towns, only to wander in such bleak misery as would have stayed the hungry heart of Ulysses himself, and sent him back to gaunt Ithaca, to roam no more?

Of all the men whose veins have been filled with the chill fever of the

North, none has become more legendary than Henry Hudson. Washington Irving, and the story of Rip van Winkle, have woven around his name something of horror and mystery that chills the blood. The thunder that rolls and crashes among the Kaatskill Mountains gives warning that Hudson and the men who died with him are playing at bowls to while away the long ages of their waiting, till the sea gives up its dead and they may find rest. The grim Dutch imagination has fastened upon Hudson and Vanderdecken and made them the heroes of the two grimmest legends of the sea; yet in their actual lives Hudson was only a great seaman, and Vanderdecken an unlucky one. It is somewhat hard upon them that they should come to be regarded as unquiet ghosts burdened with a curse no less pitiless than that which was earned by the Wandering Jew.

Hudson must have been at least forty when he died, but nothing is known of his life before the last four years of it. A certain Henry Herdson, or Hudson, alderman of London and one of the founders of the Muscovy Company, has been suggested as his grandfather; and the relationship is the more likely because it is certain that some of his name and kin were interested in the Company. It may have been upon their recommendation that he was first appointed to the command of a ship in the Company's service in 1607. Of his early training and previous voyages nothing is known; the beginning of his history is as mysterious as its end. He was born, no one knows where, and he

died, no one knows how. He comes into our knowledge on the quarter-deck of a ship bound for the Pole; he goes out of it in a crazy boat manned by eight sick men, and so fades away into the dim haze that hangs about the desolate ice-floes.

The spirit of exploration that awoke with Columbus at the end of the fifteenth century never slept during the sixteenth. There had always been a vague tradition of a continent to the West. The mythical stories of St. Brendan, of Maeldune, and Madoc; the legendary voyages "to Vineland" of Biorn, Leif Ericsson, and Karlsefni; the tradition of Friar Nicholas of Lynn, and the doubtful voyage of the Venetians, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, in the fourteenth century, all pointed to the existence of a Western land. Greenland was fairly well known, and had been at one time colonised. There was a considerable trade between England and Iceland early in the fourteenth century. If the stories of Thylde and William Canyng of Bristol are to be relied upon, Columbus was not the first seaman of his day to sail across the Atlantic; and there were others beside John Cabot who sought the new land in northern latitudes and believed they had discovered a passage through it to the western ocean beyond.

Already the quest had had its tragedies. Master Hore, a tall lawyer who was learned in geography, sailed in 1536, with a hundred sailors and thirty gentlemen from the Inns of Court, to seek the passage to the north-west. Captain Wade was in command of the expedition, and the ships were the *TRINITY*, of 140 tons, and the *MINTON*. They reached Cape Breton, where they found thousands of the now extinct Great Auks. They revictualled their ships with these rare fowl, but the unlucky expedition ended in starvation, assassina-

tion, and cannibalism. They ate one another; but as neither Great Auks nor lawyers sufficed for the subsistence of the survivors, they resorted to piracy. It was then so much the rule at sea that it was scarcely regarded as a crime; they plundered a French ship on the high seas, and so made their way home.

In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby sought a passage to Cathay by the north-east. This route was first suggested in 1527 by Robert Thorne, an English merchant long resident in Seville, who wrote to Henry the Eighth to advocate short routes to the Islands of Spicery by the north-east, the north-west, or even directly across the Pole. He estimated that either of these would be 2,000 leagues shorter than the Portuguese road round the Cape, and he offered to make the attempt himself, declaring his belief that Labrador, sighted by John Cabot in 1497, was "all one with the Indies." Willoughby was the first to attempt the north-east route, and with his seventy men was frozen to death in Arzina Bay on the coast of Lapland; but Richard Chancellor, his pilot, reached the mouth of the Dwina and made his way thence to Moscow. The foundation of the Muscovy Company was one of the results of that voyage.

The four voyages of Hudson, of which we have record, were not therefore directed to absolutely unknown waters, but the observations made by his precursors were so untrustworthy that they were of little service except to mislead him. The object of his first voyage in the service of the Muscovy Company was "to discover the Pole, and to sail across it to the Islands of Spicery, or Cathay"; and on April 19th, 1607, he, with John Hudson, his son of sixteen years old, and the ten men who made up the crew of the *HOPEFUL*, took the Sacra-

ment together at St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate, "purposing to go to sea four days after."

Hudson's own journal of this voyage is lost, though Captains Edge and Fotherby of the Muscovy Company quoted from it some years later. The existing journal, included in PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES, is said to have been kept by John Playse, one of the crew. Hondius's map, published in Amsterdam in 1595, contained the observations made by Barents of the coast of Spitzbergen, and this was the latest information that Hudson possessed. He made the east coast of Greenland on June 20th, in $67^{\circ} 30'$, and was inclined to identify it with the Engroneland described by Zeno two centuries before. Till the end of June they worked northward, but the ice-barrier between Greenland and Spitzbergen stopped their progress, and they were obliged to skirt along it to the eastward. They made Prince Charles Island (in $78^{\circ} 53'$) on June 28th, and on July 13th they were off the north-east coast of Spitzbergen, still groping their way to the north. Here they named a cape Hakluyt's Headland, in compliment to Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Westminster and geographer, whose VOYAGES have been described by Froude as the "prose epic of the English nation." On July 23rd they reached $80^{\circ} 23'$, the highest latitude to which Hudson ever attained. They stood north through the ice-floes for three days more, and, being unaware of the south-going current which was steadily setting them back, reported land trending north beyond 82° , though the northernmost point of Spitzbergen is in $80^{\circ} 45'$. Then, being satisfied that Robert Thorne's easy road across the Pole was utterly impracticable, Hudson returned home, giving the name of Hudson's Touches to an island since identified with Jan

Mayen; and on September 15th the HOPEFUL anchored in the Thames.

In the following year Hudson sailed again, still in the service of the Company. This time his purpose was to attempt the road where Willoughby lost his life. Since then it had been tried by Burrough in 1556, by Pet and Jackman in 1580, by Heemskirk and Barents in 1596. Hudson sailed from St. Katharine's by the Tower on April 22nd, 1608. His mate was one Robert Juet of Limehouse, a man who was destined to witness the tragedy of his death and to follow quickly after him. They reached the Lofoden Isles in a month and rounded the North Cape on June 1st. A fortnight later they encountered one of those wonders of the deep which the seamen of that time were so often privileged to witness and describe. On June 15th,

One of our company looking overboard, saw a mermaid; calling up some of the company to see her, one more came up, and by that time she was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men. A little after a sea came up and overturned her. From the navel upwards her back and breasts were like a woman (as they say that saw her); her body was as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long hair hanging down behind, of colour black. In her going down they saw her tail, which was like the tail of a porpoise, and speckled like a mackrel. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner.

The only really incredible part of the story is that no more than two men thought it worth while to go on deck to look at her.

On June 19th, being in latitude $75^{\circ} 22'$, with much ice in sight, they sounded in one hundred fathoms, and Hudson records the "dip": "the needle inclined under the horizon $89\frac{1}{2}$ degrees." On the 26th, in fair sunshiny weather, they had sight of Nova Zembla; and Robert Juet and John

Cook, the boatswain, went ashore and found "footings of deer and foxes." They also saw morses in the sea. The seal seen under favourable conditions might be a mermaid, but the marked features of the walrus could never belong to any other than himself. They found something stranger still: "There was a cross standing on the shore." Where did that cross come from? Barents had seen several such, both on Nova Zembla and on the opposite coast of Russia, thirteen years before. What manner of men would be likely to carry cross or crescent beyond 70 degrees of north latitude? Heathen races have been known to use that symbol, and there were traces of camp-fires to be seen near them; but the mystery is still unexplained.

On June 28th it was flat calm, yet they were still being carried northward by a tide or current which they did not recognise as the Gulf Stream. Next day they anchored in a river-mouth where many morses were sleeping on the ice. On July 1st there occurs this entry.

When by the means of the great plenty of ice the hope of passage between Newland [Spitzbergen] and Nova Zembla was taken away, my purpose was by the Waygatz to pass by the mouth of the Ob [Obi], and to double that way the North Cape of Tartaria; or to give reason wherefore it will not be.

The report of Sebastian Cabot and the map of Ortelius would confirm Hudson in the idea that if he could only get round Cape Chelyuskin (the North Cape of Tartaria) the rest would be easy; but both Cabot and Ortelius placed the cape too far to the south. The voyage as far as the Lena has been made quite recently by Captain Wigin, but its difficulties and dangers are far greater than any that were anticipated by Robert Thorne or Hudson.

Next day there was much ice, which they fended off with beams and spars. On July 5th they lay at anchor, waiting for a fair wind, and Juet and five more going ashore found flowers and saw some deer. It has been asserted that neither grass nor herbivorous animals are to be found in Nova Zembla, but Hudson and others have seen them.

Here the ice became impassable; they could find no navigable passage, though it was the height of the summer, so on July 6th they stood westward with the intention of looking for Willoughby's Land, which was believed by Purchas to be part of Spitzbergen; but it is almost certain that the land to which Willoughby gave his name was no other than the Goose Coast of Nova Zembla.

Naturally Willoughby's Land as a separate entity could not be found; and on August 7th Hudson abandoned the voyage.

I gave my company a certificate under my hand [so runs the entry] of my free and willing return, without persuasion or force from any or more of them; for at my being at Nova Zembla on July 6th, void of hope of a north-east passage except by the Waygatz [Kara Strait] for which I was not fitted to try or prove, I therefore resolved to use all means I could to sail to the north-west, considering the time and means we had, if the wind should friend us, to make trial of that place called "Lumley's Inlet," and the "Furious Overfall" by Captain Davis. But now, having spent more than half the time I had and gone but the shortest part of the way by means of contrary winds, I thought it my duty to save victual, wages, and tackle, by my speedy return.

He anchored off Gravesend on August 26th, 1608.

The North had fairly got hold of him now. During the winter he entered into negotiations with the Dutch East India Company to enable him to follow once more the will-of-the

wisp that pointed to a northern trade route to the East. The account of the voyage which he undertook in their service is written by Robert Juet; the original intention was to make another attempt at the North-East passage by sailing direct to Waygatz and trying to force a way through the Kara Straits. Hudson sailed from Amsterdam in the *HALF MOON*, with the *GOOD HOPE* in company, on March 25th, 1609. The wind seems to have been persistently unfavourable; they failed to get round the North Cape, and on May 21st, the crews, of whom the majority were Dutch, insisted on returning. The *GOOD HOPE* returned to Holland at once, but Hudson carried out the idea, which he had entertained on the previous voyage, of sailing to the north-west. Making a fair wind out of a foul one he made for the Faroe Islands to take in water. From thence he sailed on June 1st, to seek for Busse Island, reported in 1578 by the *BUSSE OF BRIDGEWATER*, one of Frobisher's ships. He failed to find it after spending the first three days of June in the search (there is nothing thereabouts but Rockall), and then the *HALF MOON* crossed the Atlantic, passing a great fleet of French boats fishing on the Banks. Hudson anchored in a fog off the coast of Nova Scotia, or perhaps Maine, and a canoe came off with six natives, who were extremely friendly and assured him that there were mines of gold, silver, and copper within easy reach. Hudson traded with the French fishing-fleet, but he would not trust the friendly savages. He may have been pardonably shy of them as mining experts; but there was no sufficient reason for the fear of treachery which led him and his crew to land, as they did, and drive the savages from their houses and take the spoil, "as they would have done of us." On August 3rd they landed

near Cape Cod and there they found grapes and rose-trees; then they sailed north, and landing again were again welcomed by the savages. This time they were less apprehensive, for they took one aboard to eat and drink with them. This landing (in $41^{\circ} 45'$) has been identified with the south side of Stage Harbour, Massachusetts. After this Hudson went south as far as Virginia, which was then under the governorship of the celebrated Captain John Smith, who eighteen months before had been saved from death by the intercession of Powhattan's daughter, Pocahontas, she who afterwards married Master John Rolfe and died young in England. Smith and Hudson were personal friends, and from him Hudson learned that the old and sometime discredited theory of a strait through the continent about latitude 40° , had recently received strong confirmation from certain Indian reports. These native stories were probably highly-coloured descriptions of the Great Lakes; but John Smith attached much importance to them, and in August Hudson sailed north again out of Chesapeake Bay to seek for the strait. Six weeks afterwards Smith was accidentally blown up by gunpowder and invalided home.

Hudson landed on September 6th, either on Long Island or Staten Island, and got into trouble with the Indians, John Colman, an Englishman, being killed by an arrow in the throat. Still seeking for the mythical strait, Hudson sailed up the river which now bears his name, and on September 21st, being near where Albany is now, they entertained some of the native chiefs on board the *HALF MOON*. The wife of one of them was of the party, and it is pleasant to learn that she behaved nicely, being merry but modest; but Indian chiefs were at that time un-

accustomed to the fire-water of the pale faces and one of them got exceedingly drunk. The symptoms were strange to his companions and "they did not know how to take it." It is said that the tradition of this unaccountable seizure survived among the Delawares and the Mohicans until the end of the eighteenth century; we can only regret that Fenimore Cooper has omitted to give us Chingachgook's version of the story. For a month Hudson explored his river; then, satisfied that there was no way through the continent by that road, he returned. On October 1st, off Manhattan Island, the intercourse with the Indians was roughly interrupted. A native made his canoe fast under the stern of the *HALF MOON*, then lying at anchor. Climbing up the rudder he got through the cabin window and stole a pillow, two bandoliers, and two shirts; but before he could carry off his loot the master's mate saw him and shot him. The rest of the Indians jumped overboard, swam to their canoes, and fled. A boat was sent after the dead man's drifting canoe, and the plunder was recovered. One of the swimmers caught hold of the boat; the cook, believing that he was trying to upset it, severed his hand with a sword-cut, and the Indian was drowned.

Soon afterwards the *HALF MOON* sailed for England and arrived at Dartmouth on November 7th, 1609.

Hudson had no more to do with the Dutch after his experience of their unwillingness and lack of discipline while trying to round the North Cape; he was now to learn that an English crew could be no less mutinous, and far more murderous, than the Dutchmen. For eighteen months he remained at home; but the fever of Arctic discovery was strong upon him and he had little desire to rest, or to spend more time

than he could help in idleness in England. He had no doubt of the existence of a North-West passage, and his conviction was contagious. He induced Sir Thomas Smythe (the first governor of the East India Company), Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir John Wolstenholme, great merchants of London, to fit out an expedition to seek the passage where he had always hoped to find it, by way of that strait which had been called by John Davis the Furious Overfall. This is near the mouth of what is now called Hudson's Strait. It had been seen again by Captain George Waymouth in 1602, and would have been explored by him had not his crew mutinied. Throughout all the voyages of the early explorers the lack of discipline and the obstinate temper of the crews was an obstacle no less formidable than the ice-pack, no less dangerous than the reefs and tide-rips of the unknown seas. Now it was Hudson's fate to encounter them, and on April 17th, 1610, the *DISCOVERY* dropped down the river from his old loading-berth at St. Katharine's. This was her crew: Henry Hudson, master; John Hudson, his son, then in his nineteenth year; Robert Juet, mate; Robert Bylot, second mate; Edward Wilson, surgeon; Thomas Woodhouse, "mathematician"; Henry Greene (a friend of Hudson's who was given a berth because he was destitute); these made up the after-guard. Then came John Williams, gunner; Philip Staffe, carpenter; Francis Clements, boatswain; Silvanus Bond, cooper; William Wilson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrach Fanner, Adam Moore, Nicholas Simmes, John King, Michael Perse, Andrew Motter, John Thomas, Michael Butt, and ——— Cooper, seamen; Abacuc Prickett (landsman, a servant of Sir Dudley Digges), Bennett Mathews (landsman), "trumpeter."

On May 5th the *DISCOVERY* was off Orkney, and here Hudson made an entry in his log which I confess I do not understand: "Here I set the north end of the needle and the north of the fly, all one." Here too he found that the north of Scotland, Orkney, and Shetland were placed on his chart nearly a degree too far to the north. On June 4th they sighted Greenland, and five days later they were off Frobisher's Bay, which in Hudson's chart appeared as an open strait dividing Greenland in two parts; whereas it is really a bay on the coast of America and no strait at all. On June 15th they sighted land in $59^{\circ} 27'$, "called by Captain John Davis 'Desolation.'" This could scarcely have been Cape Desolation on the Greenland coast, which is near 61° , but wherever it was (Hudson's course is difficult to follow) there was much ice and overfalls. On July 11th, the weather being threatening, they anchored near three rocky islands, having irregular soundings from two to nine fathoms. Next day they found themselves in the midst of a maze of sunken rocks, whereof one was now two fathoms above water; and in gratitude for their escape they named them the Isles of God's Mercies. They passed through the strait which bears Hudson's name, and on August 2nd they sailed out of it into Hudson's Bay, passing between the island to which they gave the name of Digges, and the cape on the south shore which they called Cape Wolstenholme.

Here it is well to let Abacuc Prickett take up the tale; the landman's journal is less technical but much more dramatic than Hudson's log. For nearly three months they were occupied in exploring the great bay, by which Hudson is best known. Six hundred miles from east to west, and twice as much from north to

south, "a labyrinth without end," there was room enough in it and to spare for three months' cruising. But the nervous tension of Arctic exploration was beginning to tell on all the company. There was ill-feeling throughout the ship, and there were quarrels among the crew. It may be that Hudson, upon whom the strain was heaviest, was becoming morose and suspicious; it is certain that some of the people were disaffected and mutinous.

There was reasoning concerning our coming into this bay, and going out, and our master took occasion to revive old matters, and to displace Robert Juet from being his mate, and the boatswain [Clements] from his place, for the words spoken in the first great bay of ice. Then he made Robert Bylot his mate, and William Wilson, boatswain.

They sent a party on shore in "North Bay" (Fort Albany?) in the south-west part of James Bay, which is the southern arm of Hudson's Bay. There they saw "the footing of a man"; and in going out of the bay they got the *DISCOVERY* on the rocks and remained fast for twelve hours. By this time the season was too far advanced to allow them to return home by Hudson's Strait, which lay 800 miles to the north, and they looked for a berth to winter in. At a place which is supposed to be identical with Moose River, at the south-west corner of James Bay, they hauled the *DISCOVERY* aground on November 1st. Ten days later she was frozen in, and there Hudson, with a jarring, half-mutinous crew, prepared for his first and last winter in the frozen sea. Yet the Moose River is no further north than the Thames, and were it not for the Gulf Stream there would be little climatic difference between them.

The *DISCOVERY* was victualled for no more than six, or perhaps eight

months, at full rations; though "if our master would have had more he might have had it at home, and in other places." It is impossible to acquit Hudson of extreme negligence in this vital matter. Now, when it was too late, he endeavoured to accumulate supplies. Rewards were offered to any man bringing in beast, fish, or fowl; but at that season there was little to be found. It is said that Hudson's log comes to an end on August 3rd; and it was so reported to the Trinity House when they held their enquiry. If it is true that he kept no journal whatever after that date, the omission affords a painful indication of his condition. That so eager an explorer should deliberately cease to record his discoveries at the very time when he was investigating that great bay which he was the first white man to enter, is inconceivable except upon the supposition that he was no longer able to record them, or had lost all interest in them from mental decay. It is possible that the survivors might have found it to their interest to destroy some of the later entries; but the log was evidently produced, and any mutilation must have been discovered; yet there is no mention of any attempt to tamper with it.

About the end of November died John Williams the gunner: "God pardon the master's uncharitable dealing with this man; out of whose ashes the unhappy deed grew which brought a scandal upon all." That was the view taken by Abacuc Prickett, but it is possible there might be another and a different way of looking at it. "Not to wrong the living or slander the dead, I will, by the will of God, deliver the truth as near as I can." In all the many histories of sea-mutinies the truth is the thing that is hardest to come by. The stories, as told, are all alike: read

one, and you know the rest; but only the actors know if that story be the true one. It was Prickett's business to make out a good case for himself and the surviving mutineers, not to furnish a faithful history of events. It was to his interest to represent Hudson as no longer fit for command, and to lay the blame of the mutiny upon the men who, being dead, were beyond the reach of punishment. He had every inducement to distort the truth; but since his story is the only one we have, we must make the best of it.

We are indebted to him for a most unflattering delineation of the character of Henry Greene.

You shall understand that our master kept in his house in London a young man, Henry Greene, born in Kent of worshipful parents; of lewd life and conversation; who had lost the goodwill of his friends, and spent all. Our master took him to sea because he could write well. By means of one Master Venson, with much ado he got £4 from his mother to buy his clothes; Venson would not trust Greene, but laid out the money himself.

Greene's name was not in the owners' books, nor was he entitled to any wages; before they left Iceland behind them he had quarrelled with Wilson the surgeon. Hudson bade the rest let be, saying the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend he had. Juet declared that Greene was only brought in order that he might bear witness against any that should displease Hudson. In a note found in the desk of Woodhouse, the mathematician, after his death, it was stated that Bennett Mathews, "our trumpet," had accused Juet of misdemeanours and threatening bloodshed, also of slanders against Hudson; and it was for this reason that Juet was deposed and Bylot appointed. Altogether, the

DISCOVERY could never have been described as a happy or comfortable ship, but up to November at least, Greene "was very inward with the master, and a serviceable man for manhood."

When the ship was laid up for the winter Hudson bade Staffe, the carpenter, build a hut ashore, though it was then too late in the season and time was lacking. Hudson had refused to give the order when there was time and opportunity; now Staffe said he could not, and would not, because of the frost; he knew his own business best, and he was not a house-carpenter. Hudson dragged him on deck, struck him and threatened hanging; then the house was built with much labour and to no end. Afterwards Greene and Staffe went off together on a hunting expedition, and Hudson, being annoyed, bethought him how to punish his protégé. Among the effects of the dead gunner was a certain gown which was much coveted by Greene, and he had been promised that he should have it. Now Hudson said Bylot should have it; he abused Greene, as a man whom his friends would not trust with twenty shillings, and threatened to pay him no wages, though he had promised that he should have as good wages as any man in the ship. "The Devil out of this wrought with Greene"; and the Devil had an easy task, for by this time the poison of ill-will had done its work throughout the ship, and mutiny was only a question of time and opportunity. It was now the turn of Robert Bylot to be disrated, and John King was made mate in his stead. Hudson had no longer an officer whom he could trust. Even then, if he had possessed sufficient courage and energy to deal with Greene, or any other man who disputed his authority, as Drake dealt

with Thomas Doughty at St. Julian's Bay two and thirty years before, the mutiny might have been averted, though he would still have had to reckon with famine. But Drake was a great captain, Hudson a great navigator who had already given signs of mental disturbance; he only threatened hanging, and so the tragedy moved on to its grim conclusion.

They contrived to accumulate 1,200 "fowls," — partridges, teal, geese, and swans — but as the winter advanced these were harder to come by. They found turpentine in a tree, and used it for medicine with good results. The carpenter had built a boat in which they went seining and got good store of fish, so there must have been open water not far away. As the misery of that terrible winter deepened, and food grew ever less and less, Greene and Wilson laid a plot to steal the boat and net, and go off to shift for themselves among the Esquimaux, some of whom had visited the ship; but before they could put their plan in execution Hudson took the boat himself for a foraging expedition among these same Esquimaux. He failed to find them and returned empty-handed. The long strain had worn him out, and, if Prickett's tale be true, this last disappointment was more than he could bear; he broke down utterly and wept before the men who had already ceased to respect him. He threw open the bread-room and its scanty contents to the starving crew (there was only one pound for each man) and he gave the last signal of despair when he signed a "bill of return" to justify all hands, should any of them succeed in making their way home.

The dreary winter was nearly at an end, and already there was a softer breath in the bitter wind, a loosening of the icy fetters that bound them to that hateful, barren shore. They

tried the seine again and made one or two successful hauls, getting about eighty fish, "a poor relief for so many hungry bellies." On June 12th they got the ship afloat again, and starving and frost-bitten they dropped anchor outside the bay. Greene and Wilson had already eaten their share of the bread, and the allowance for each man was no more than three-and-a-half pounds of cheese for a week. They got the ship under way and sailed north towards the strait which was their only road to freedom, but six days later the pitiless ice brought them up again. Then Hudson ordered every man's chest to be broken open to search for hidden stores of bread; whereupon Nicholas Simmes made a virtue of necessity and produced thirty biscuits in a bag.

On June 21st, when Prickett was lying "lame" (probably frost-bitten) in his cabin, Wilson and Greene came to him and told him that they "and the rest" were determined to "shift the company"; to turn the master and all the sick men into the shallop "and let them shift"; for there was not fourteen days' food left for all the company, and to save some from starving they were content to put some away. They complained that the ship lay there for no other reason than that the master did not care to move; they had eaten nothing for three days, and they were fixed to mend it or end it, to go through with it or die. Prickett, always strong on the side of discipline and stern in virtue, marvelled to hear married men with children (we have not hitherto been told that Greene was either a husband or father) talk of committing a deed which would banish them from their native country. Greene bade him hold his peace; it was better to hang at home than starve abroad; if Prickett thought otherwise, he might take his fortune in the boat. Then

he put forth his final argument, and promised that any man who interfered should have his throat cut. Yet the next moment Greene and Wilson, hair-splitting casuists both, swore upon the Bible that they meant harm to no man. Here Juet of Limehouse came in, an ancient man, and an old officer of Hudson. From him Prickett expected good discourse and virtue; but he went even further than Greene and Wilson and swore not only to do the deed, but to justify it at home. Then to all present, with John Thomas, Michael Perse, Andrew Motter, and Bennett Mathews, was administered this oath: "You shall swear truth to God, your Prince and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand; you shall do harm to no man."

The familiar words had a righteous sound which was soothing to their puritanical souls. To them it was a cabalistical formula possessing some mysterious virtue quite apart from its meaning. Let us see how they proceeded to glorify the God whose name they profaned.

Prickett asked Greene the momentous question: "Which of the men would he have put out with the master?" "All the sick," said Greene, "the carpenter, and John King because he had been made mate in Bylot's place." So it was arranged. It was already dark, and they were ready to put the deed of darkness in execution. Prickett (always Prickett!) prayed Greene to stay till the morning, "but wickedness sleepeth not." Greene went to keep Hudson company as was his custom, and all was quiet fore and aft.

They lay close in the cramped 'tween decks of that little ship. Hudson had a cabin to himself. At that date ships no larger than the *DISCOVERY* were built with a quarter-

deck, and his cabin would most likely be under it. Bennett Mathews and Bond the cooper were in the cook-room, "lame"; starboard of the cook-room lay Woodhouse the mathematician, sick; and next to him Sidrach Fanner, lame; then Wilson the surgeon, and John Hudson with him; next to them, Wilson the boatswain and Arnold Lodlo. In the gun-room there were four berths; Robert Juet and John Thomas were on the starboard side, and Michael Butt and Andrew Motter berthed to larboard. Forward of the gun-room lay John King and Robert Bylot; then Prickett and Francis Clements. Amidships, between the capstan and the pump, lay Henry Greene and Nicholas Simmes. Forward of them were Staffe, Moore, Perse, and Cooper. Sound men and sick, true men and mutineers, were all mingled together.

Just before day King and Bylot came off watch and went to their cabin. Then came Mathews (who seems to have been cook as well as trumpeter), seeking water for the kettle. King went down into the hold, where the water-casks were, to fill it, and the two shut the hatch over him. Mathews ran up on deck while Bylot stood on the hatch to keep King down. Greene, and another man unnamed, went to the carpenter's berth and held him in talk till Hudson came out of his cabin on the upper deck. Then John Thomas and Bennett Mathews ran in on him and held him, while Wilson tied his hands behind his back. Hudson cried out to know what they meant; they told him he should soon know that when he was in the shallop.

That sudden outcry alarmed the ship. It awoke the surgeon, who ran up and found Hudson already pinioned; the frightened crew huddled together, but made no attempt to interfere. They knew that some

were to be sacrificed but they knew no more; which among them were marked for victims?

Juet went down into the hold to seize King; but it was a tougher job than he expected. King had provided himself with a sword, and made such good use of it that Juet would have been killed if other mutineers had not come to his assistance. King was overpowered and brought on deck: Lodlo and Butt railed at the mutineers, telling them that their knavery would show itself; but railing was of little use, and they were not left long in suspense. The shallop was hauled alongside, and the sick and frost-bitten men were bidden to crawl out of their cabins and get into her.

Prickett says he prayed the mutineers upon his knees to remember themselves and their duty; they would not suffer Hudson to speak with him and sent him below. Hudson, standing pinioned on deck, spoke to Prickett, "through the horn which gave light to my cabin," saying that Juet would overthrow them all. "Nay," said Prickett loudly, "it is that villain Greene."

The poor carpenter's chest was put into the shallop, and he took leave of Prickett with tears. "No one in the ship," said he, "knew how to carry her home, so he thought they would soon be glad to take them aboard again."

Meanwhile a dispute had arisen among the mutineers. Thomas pleaded for Francis Clements, Bennett Mathews for Cooper. Both had been condemned by Greene, but their friends declared that if they were to go, there should none go; the plot should go no further. For a few minutes their fate hung in the balance. Then Greene bethought him of the railing of Lodlo and Butt, and consented to spare Clements and Cooper if the other two went in their place. So far the plot had gone

forward without opposition or interruption. While the victims were unspecified every man might believe that he was too useful to be sacrificed; now that the decree had gone forth there were some who refused to accept their doom. Sick and starving as they were, they would not be decorously turned adrift, but drew together and fought for their lives. For a time the deck was a battlefield where cruelty and despair grappled foot to foot, and Prince and Country and the Glory of God were alike forgotten. When the fight was done there were four mouths less to feed, four men who had found a swifter and more merciful death than starvation; the survivors have not recorded the names of those who were thus fortunate.

Poor Woodhouse the mathematician, being sick and too feeble to resist, was put into the boat "in great distress." Hudson, either dazed with misery or resigned to his fate, followed him, with young John Hudson, Lodlo, Fanner, Staffe, Moore, King, and Butt. Hudson's chest was sent down after him, with a musket, powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, a small quantity of meal, and some other things. Then the mutineers made sail on the *DISCOVERY* and stood out through the ice floes, towing the shallop behind them, while they rummaged the ship for provisions. They found some meal, two firkins of butter, twenty-seven pieces of pork, half a bushel of pease; and in the master's cabin was a little hoard of 200 "biscuit-cakes" and a peck of meal. The scanty provision was insufficient even for themselves, so they cut the shallop adrift; and the *DISCOVERY*, hoisting her topsails, fled from her and her doomed crew as from an enemy.

Henry Greene, landsman and ras-cal, took command; and we learn

without surprise that no log was kept. They groped their way to the north-east by dead reckoning alone, till July 15th, when a party, landing to try if they could kill some deer, quarrelled with some Esquimaux. Greene, Thomas, William Wilson, and Perse were mortally wounded. Greene was flung overboard; Wilson "died cursing"; Perse and Thomas followed him two days later: "These four were the only lusty men in the ship." Bylot took command of the ship and kept his log written up. About the end of August or beginning of September the *DISCOVERY*, with her crew of starved skeletons, was assisted into Berehaven by a fishing-boat belonging to Fowey; but within sight of the Irish coast Robert Juet died "of mere want." Of the twenty-four men who had sailed from St. Katharine's seventeen months before, there returned only eight. On their arrival they were at once imprisoned; but they exonerated themselves by laying all the blame upon the dead men who were beyond the reach of punishment.

On October 24th, 1611, they gave their evidence at the enquiry held by the Trinity House. They denounced Henry Greene as the ringleader of the mutineers, but they brought a number of charges against Hudson. It is curious to observe how nearly these charges correspond with those made 130 years later against Captain David Cheap of the *WAGER*, by the officers and crew who mutinied after the ship was lost on the Patagonian coast during Anson's expedition. Hudson had "wasted victuals by a scuttle made from out his cabin into the hold"; Cheap had divided his stores unfairly. Hudson had fed his favourite, the surgeon, and kept others at ordinary allowance; Cheap had fed his favourite, the surgeon, at the expense of the others. It was to save some from starving that Greene "was

content to put the rest away"; it was to save the rest from starving that Cheap abandoned four of his marines on a barren beach. There is a deadly monotony in mutiny.

Prickett and Bylot must have been free from the ordinary superstitions of the sailor. Though the *Discovery* had as evil a record as any ship that ever heaved her blood-stained planks over the sea that hid her victims, yet they did not hesitate to sail in her in her second voyage to the North in 1612. Bylot commanded her in her third voyage in 1615. His mate was William Baffin, and it was in Hudson's Strait that the great navigator took the second lunar observation that had ever been recorded at sea. The first was taken by Pedro de Sarmiento in 1580. Bylot and Baffin took the old ship north again in 1616 (she must have known the road by heart), and in her they discovered Baffin's Bay, Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, Lancaster Sound, and Bylot's Island; but they never risked her through another Arctic winter.

The discoveries of Baffin and Bylot

confirmed the conclusions arrived at by the *Trinity House* after their enquiry into Hudson's last voyage. They considered that he was never so far to the west as to recover the South Sea (the Pacific); the Great Bay must be fed from an ocean, but as the current drove perpetually from the east it must be from the ocean on the north-east side of the Continent; and they conjectured that the long-sought-for passage would be found "between the west and north-west, and not more northerly."

None can tell the fate of Hudson and his companions, or in what form their ghastly doom came upon them. The Kaatskill Mountains, where their legend still survives, lie more than 1,000 miles south of the place where they disappeared. Hudson wrested from the jealous guardianship of the North some hidden things, and told them to all the world. When he was famine-stricken, worn-out, and betrayed, the North avenged itself and slew him; but it keeps the secret of his resting-place well.

W. J. FLETCHER.

CATHEDRALS OLD AND NEW.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with the enormous increase in the population of modern England as compared with the England of the Middle Ages, there has been no corresponding increase in the number of cathedrals. The men who in the middle of the thirteenth century sent the glorious spire of Salisbury soaring into the heavens were the last of the medieval cathedral builders, and it seemed as if their art perished with them. When St. Paul's was built, four hundred years later, entirely different artistic ideals and an entirely different method of building prevailed in the land. A certain amount of cathedral building, mostly of slight importance, went on during the nineteenth century in Scotland, Ireland, and the colonies, but Truro Cathedral, which has only lately been completed, is the first example of a newly founded cathedral being built in England since the Reformation (St. Paul's of course was a rebuilding), and Liverpool Cathedral, the building of which is just beginning, will be the second. One or two cathedrals have also been built by the Roman Catholic Church, but only the latest of these, that at Westminster, is of any real importance in an architectural sense.

It is not surprising, then, that the building of a cathedral, being so rare an event in our times, should arouse the interest of a larger section of the public than usually concerns itself with architectural matters. It is true that the building of a cathedral is no longer regarded, as it was in the age of faith, as an event of supreme

interest and importance in a city's history; it is the affair of the Church, not as formerly of the whole population. Yet the citizen of the twentieth century is not wholly indifferent to the character of the great monumental buildings which adorn his city. Certainly the Liverpool citizen is not indifferent; he is justly proud of his public buildings, and the long and sometimes acrimonious discussions that have arisen respecting the site of the new cathedral and the style of architecture to be chosen are clear testimony to a wide-spread interest in the project.

Apart from local and personal considerations, with which we are not concerned, the project suggests an enquiry of very broad and general interest. Must we admit that our forefathers in the Dark Ages, as we foolishly call them, reached a standard of skill in building to which we cannot now hope to attain, or may we reasonably hope that the new Liverpool Cathedral will rival the glories of Canterbury and Lincoln? It would no doubt be unduly pessimistic to deny the possibility of supremely beautiful buildings being erected in our own time, but it is certain that the beauty they possess will be different in kind from that which captivates us in the old Gothic buildings. Between any cathedral of the Middle Ages and any cathedral of the present or a future day there must be vital and fundamental differences.

We may say that Truro is a Gothic cathedral after the exact model of the ancient builders, and that Liverpool also will be a Gothic cathedral, though

with a more modern note. But Gothic is a matter of spirit and essence, as well as of outward form. Pointed arches and flying buttresses and crocketed pinnacles do not alone make a Gothic building. These things we may have any day, but they are but the dry bones of Gothic; its living spirit fled long ago from our English life, and is not to be recovered.

It is impossible in a brief article like this to expound the true nature of Gothic architecture. It is the less necessary as this has been done once for all in Ruskin's *STONES OF VENICE*. The reader who turns to the chapter in that book on the nature of Gothic will find the whole subject comprehensively treated with as near an approach to finality of expression as human speech may hope to achieve. And it is not unlikely that, after reading that chapter, the reader will reach a conclusion which Ruskin himself was unwilling to admit, namely, that modern Gothic at its best cannot be anything but a quasi-Gothic, — a lifeless, unemotional, imitative thing, as compared with the warm and living Gothic which arose, grew to perfection, and died under conditions of life so widely removed from our own.

It is, perhaps, a commonplace to say that a great building reflects the characteristics of the age in which it was erected. But while this is almost universally true in some degree, it is more true of some nations and some epochs than of others. In English medieval architecture, for instance, the national life found singularly vivid expression. The buildings which have come down to us from the Middle Ages are an open book, — mutilated indeed by iconoclasts, and with many a fair page defaced by those who vainly thought to restore its ancient beauty — in which we may read of the faiths and fears, the joys

and sorrows and humours of our ancestors.

The characteristics of medieval England which found expression in building, especially in ecclesiastical building, were chiefly these: the life of the time was religious, and it was æsthetic. If any prefer the term *superstitious* to *religious*, the argument is in no way affected. The land was united in its adherence at least to the outward forms of religion, and all social and industrial life was permeated with religious feeling. There was but one Church and one creed, and the methods of expressing religious devotion which the Church sanctioned were universally recognised and widely adopted. Among these church building took a leading place.

To clergy and laity alike the building of a cathedral or abbey, and to a scarcely less degree of a small parish church, was no mere side issue in their lives, but a supreme religious duty, and in times of peace the leading event in a locality. The religious sentiment of the whole countryside would of course be strongly felt by the workmen actually engaged on the building, and could not fail to affect their work.

In the elder days of Art

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;

For the gods see everywhere.

Solomon's temple itself was not regarded with greater veneration or more intense solicitude by pious Israelites than were some of our English cathedrals and abbeys by the generations which saw them rising. There is a curious illustration of this in the picture given by a contemporary chronicler of the frenzied emotion aroused at Canterbury by the burning of the choir of the cathedral in 1174.

The people were astonished [says the writer] that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and His Saints, the patrons of the church. And many, both of the city and the monks, would rather have laid down their lives than that the church should have so miserably perished . . . Bethink thee, now, what mighty grief oppressed the hearts of the sons of the church in this great tribulation. I verily believe the afflictions of Canterbury were no less than those of Jerusalem of old, and their wailings were as the lamentations of Jeremiah; neither can mind conceive, or words express, or writing teach their grief and anguish.

Again, it was an æsthetic as well as a religious life which found expression in the church building of the Middle Ages. They were leisured and imaginative times, with much in them that was gross and brutal, but free, at any rate, from the twin foes of æstheticism in modern England,—commercialism and the scientific spirit. How wonderfully developed and pervasive was the artistic sense of the people is abundantly shown by the buildings that have come down to us, among which are some that rank with the noblest architecture in the world.

When we remember the successive storms that have swept over these medieval churches,—the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the iconoclastic activities of the Puritans, and the more friendly, though scarcely less destructive, activities of the restorers of the nineteenth century, till what we see to-day is but a fraction of what the builders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries left us; when we reflect further, that at no time during this golden age of Gothic art was the population of England equal to that of modern London, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that England

was at that time a nation of artists, whose artistry was none the less real because it was unconscious.

There was also another factor making strongly for good workmanship in the lives of the medieval workmen. They were all organised in trade guilds, which concerned themselves very actively with the maintenance of a high standard of workmanship. To the workman of the Middle Ages good work was a duty he owed to his craft, and excellence as a craftsman was the road to honour among his fellows as well as to improved position and higher pay.

The modern architect can rely neither upon a constraining sense of religion in his workmen, nor upon their artistic sensibility, nor yet on a tradition and trade sentiment favourable to good craftsmanship. The degeneracy of the British workman as a workman can hardly be denied. But before we lay upon his shoulders the blame for that degeneracy we must consider how it has come about, and probably a just judgment will say that the workman has been the victim of circumstances he could not control. Let us consider how a medieval cathedral was built, and how great a contrast is presented by the modern system of architectural competitions, tenders, contracts, and Trade Union labour.

What of the medieval architect? The question suggests one of the most vital of the differences between ancient and modern methods of cathedral building. Few people could tell off-hand who was the architect of Canterbury or Lincoln, Peterborough or York, and even after much searching in ancient records the personality of the architect might remain to a very great extent a mystery. The fact is, of course, that the days which saw the building of the great

medieval cathedrals knew nothing of any such person as an architect in the modern sense. A search into the origin of any of the ancient cathedrals of England would probably show the name of an ecclesiastic,—a bishop or an abbot, associated with the work of building and the various stages of rebuilding through which it may have passed. What was the precise part he played in the work it is not always possible to determine. Sometimes, perhaps, he was responsible for the design, so far as there was a design, and personally superintended its execution by monks and lay workmen. More often, probably, he would determine the dimensions and disposition of the parts, and entrust the execution of the scheme to a skilful master-mason, with whom would be associated other master-craftsmen,—carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers.

The designing of buildings on paper is a comparatively modern art, and it is probable that when the old cathedrals were built, the design was to a great extent evolved under the workmen's hands. It must be remembered that at any given time in the Middle Ages there was but one way of building known. The architect had not to sit down and consider in what style he should build his cathedral; for him there was but one style,—the national and traditional style which had been handed down from the last generation and was practised by all his neighbours. Modifications would be introduced to meet special needs, and each master-builder, each individual workman even, freely exercising his fancy and ingenuity, would add his quota to the common stock of constructional and decorative tradition, thus helping in the evolution of a new style.

The master-mason, by virtue of the paramount importance of his craft,

would be *primus inter pares*; but the masters of other crafts would be his coadjutors rather than his subordinates. Thus the cathedral was the co-operative product of many master-craftsmen, indeed of the whole body of workmen, for there were no hands, as we call them, employed in rearing these mighty monuments; all brought their intelligence and conscience to the work, and found in it a common interest and a common delight. The master-mason was but a more skilful craftsman than the rest. All were artists, respecting themselves and each other; every man's individuality had full scope, and every man built, as it were, his life into the church.

Among the early Gothic builders there was little of that division of labour which is so characteristic of modern industry. The man who one day was digging a trench would later on be erecting a column, and when that was done his delight in the work would find free expression in the carving of the capital. The conditions under which the old craftsmen worked were the secret of the living interest their work still has, just as the absence of those conditions is responsible for the lifelessness of all modern Gothic. For generations we have treated our workmen as little better than machines, and it is useless now to look for any great manifestation of human feeling in their work. The emotions of the old craftsmen, which they had the skill to express in enduring stone, awaken still an answering emotion as we look upon their handiwork. The lifeless, unemotional work of the modern carver, copying with mechanical accuracy the design set before him, leaves us cold and unmoved. Even so noble a design as that of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott for the Liverpool Cathedral must necessarily lack, when carried out, the element of life to which the old cathedrals

owe so much of their charm. Ruskin long ago pointed out that the creations of architecture "depend for their dignity and pleasurable in the utmost degree upon the vivid expression of the intellectual life which has been concerned in their production." So far as the mass of the workmen are concerned we can hardly hope, under modern conditions, that their intellectual life will find much expression in any building upon which they may be employed. There are indeed some enthusiastic souls who look for the day when we shall eliminate the architect, or reduce him to the position of a clerk of works, and build again in the old co-operative way. But to the present writer it hardly seems that salvation is to be sought in that direction. We cannot set back the hands of the clock. We must accept such conditions as arise out of the very structure of modern society, and make the best of them. But it is still possible to obtain in our building a large measure of co-operation between workers in different spheres of art, and thus to gain considerable vividness and variety of intellectual expression.

There are already examples of modern buildings in which this ideal has been to a great extent carried out. The most notable example is the new building in Fenchurch Street for Lloyd's Registry, which contains the sculptures of Mr. Frampton and the Brothers Pegram, the metal work of Mr. Lynn Jenkins, and the decorative paintings of Mr. Gerald Moira in perfect harmony with, and in subordination to the architecture of Mr. Colcutt. If we cannot have the old beautiful co-operation of all the workers in inventive work, we must make the most of such restricted co-operation as is possible. And if Mr. Scott has his way in regard to the embellishment of Liverpool Cathed-

ral, there is no doubt that we shall see an effective co-operation of many distinguished artists, which cannot but produce the most notable results.

It is probable that, as the recognition grows of the impossibility of true Gothic ever again being seen in England, there will be less keenness to retain the Gothic forms. Already there is a great falling away from the strict tenets of the Gothic Revival. From Truro to Liverpool is a considerable step. Standing in Truro Cathedral one might fancy oneself, were it not for the newness of the place, in a building of the thirteenth century, so true is every detail to the precedent of a past age. Liverpool Cathedral, so far as one may judge from the drawings, will have a more individual and a more modern note; though Gothic in form, it cannot be referred for its inspiration to any particular period of Gothic architecture.

The gifted young architect who, at the very outset of his professional career, has had the remarkable good fortune to win the most important architectural competition of the new century, is by no means a rabid Goth. He has indeed confessed to dreams of a cathedral which should not be Gothic at all. He feels that there is much in medieval Gothic which is unsuitable for modern needs. The traditional church plan and the broken vistas are ill adapted for the general uses of a modern cathedral, which differ so widely from those of the Middle Ages. But Mr. Scott has decided, no doubt wisely, to follow the beaten ways until he has had more experience and wider opportunities for study. Meanwhile to him, and to many other young architects, Mr. Bentley's remarkable work at Westminster, — the new Roman Catholic Cathedral — stands as a beacon light pointing to a new field of experiment and effort from which

great things may be expected in the future.

And what, it may be asked, will the Liverpool Cathedral tell to future ages of the generation that saw its building? In its vast scale it will speak of the pride of a great commercial city influenced by its close touch with America, the land of colossal things. In its freedom from mere imitation and archaeological exactness it will speak of the breaking, or at least the straining, of the Gothic fetters,—of a transition, perhaps, between the veneration of ecclesiastical precedent and the untrammelled adaptation of architecture to the needs of a new time. Some indications we may hope it will afford of the standard of artistic attainment reached by the sculptors and the

window-painters of the early years of the twentieth century. But of the great multitude of the workmen who will labour day after day and year after year in rearing its mighty bulk it will perforce be silent. Of such interest as any modern building can have Liverpool Cathedral will have an abundant measure. But men will look at it in vain, as they would at any building erected under modern conditions, for the element of deep human interest which makes the stones of the old cathedrals and abbeys eloquent with memories of the past, for the touch of Nature which obliterates the distinctions of time and condition, and makes the observer of the later day feel himself akin to the man who wielded hammer and chisel five or six centuries ago.

HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

HASTINGS, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Hythe,—the five Cinque Ports—have suffered many a sea-change since the days in the far off long-ago when their freedmen, or barones, constituted the strongest bulwark of defence that England could oppose to the attacks of a foreign foe. It was mainly due to their enterprise and daring that our shores were preserved through many centuries from the horrors of foreign invasion. "It was the courage of the sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports," says Macaulay, "that made the flag of England terrible on the seas."

It is an old and honourable institution, this confederation of the five Cinque Ports,—we say five, for the title at a very early date became a technicality and ceased to be a numeral—so old that in the time of Richard the First it was already being described as ancient in legal documents, and so honourable that some of the most illustrious names in our history are to be found in the long roll of its Wardens. No one who was not a knight or a member of the king's council could hold the appointment. As all the world knows, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is to be the next Warden. He has for predecessors in office Earl Godwin, Harold, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux (half brother of William the Conqueror), the great Earl of Warwick (of kingmaking fame), the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and five of our kings who occupied the position before ascending the throne, namely, Edward the First, Richard the Third, Henry the Fifth,

Henry the Eighth, and James the Second.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports originally occupied somewhat the position which in the time of the Romans had been held by the Counts of the Saxon Shores, whose business it had been to protect the south-eastern shores of Britain from foreign invasion. It was the Northmen they feared most, who used to arrive in countless hordes and ravage the coasts, destroying everything they could lay hands on, and spreading desolation on all sides. When the Romans retired from the island, the Northmen had no difficulty in establishing themselves permanently in the country, and nothing is heard for some time of the Counts of the Saxon Shores, their occupation having gone. It was not until England was united under a single king and the island was in a comparatively settled and prosperous condition that any necessity for some similar institution arose. The particular stretch of coast on which the Cinque Ports were situated was peculiarly exposed to attack, and it is probable that in the first instance they joined forces for mutual protection, mainly with a view to guard their commerce. But the combination proving a strong one, successive kings were glad to avail themselves of its services and to grant them certain liberties and privileges, so as to be able to count upon their support in any emergency. It is said that even in the reign of Edward the Confessor the Barons of the Cinque Ports were in possession of charters securing their liberties, and that they used

even then to hold their courts at Shipway under the presidency of their Warden, which were attended by representatives of all the ports, and when all matters relating to their common interest were settled. Although united for purposes of mutual defence, whether against hostile attacks from abroad or against encroachments on their privileges and immunities at home, in the management of local affairs each of them enjoyed the most absolute freedom and was perfectly independent of outside control.

The freemen of the Cinque Ports have from a very early age borne the title of baron, which was universally acknowledged to be a distinction enjoyed by them in virtue of their position as joint tenants of baronies held by special military service done to the crown, unlike the barons of London and other places who were merely municipal representatives of a body of citizens.

It is curious that no opposition should have been offered to William, Duke of Normandy, by the Portsmen when he invaded England. An attack was indeed made by the men of Romney on some re-inforcements which were on their way to him; but he appears to have landed the main body of his troops without encountering any resistance, and when, after his victory at Hastings, he marched on Dover it surrendered to him almost without striking a blow. Earlier in the year Harold had called together a land and sea force to guard the coast against the Normans. It was a formidable array for those times, and for many weeks he waited at Sandwich, looking always for the enemy who never came, and all the while, across the water, on the south shores of the Channel, William of Normandy's fleet with 14,000 men (some say 60,000)

lay in the mouth of the Dye, praying for a south wind. Then provisions began to run short in the English camp, and the men, weary of the long weeks of inaction, clamoured to be allowed to return to their homes. Harold was in despair. He had only managed to keep them there so long by the sheer weight of his personal influence, and when at this difficult moment news came to him of the landing of Tostig and he had to hurry northward with all possible speed, he knew how great was the risk he ran. So soon as his restraining influence was withdrawn the force melted away like snow, and when the Normans did actually arrive, the coast was unprotected.

William's first act after Hastings was to secure the allegiance of the Portsmen. He marched on Dover before proceeding either to Winchester or London. The Cinque Ports did not merely constitute the most important Corporation in the land but they were the most populous towns. The Conqueror thought it prudent to conciliate such powerful subjects, and he offered compensation to the men of Dover for the excesses of his soldiery. He created his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle; and the appointment was evidently made with tact and with every endeavour to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the Portsmen, for, when in 1069 the Danes made a descent on the coast of Kent, they were loyal to the new rule and the invaders were beaten off; nor do they ever appear to have given William any trouble.

The title borne by the Cinque Ports is of a quaintness befitting its antiquity: "The Barons of the Cinque Ports, the Two Ancient Towns and their Limbs." The Two Ancient Towns were Winchelsea and Rye,

which were admitted probably about the time of Richard the First, and the Limbs, or Members as they are sometimes called, were the smaller and less important seaports on the same coast which ultimately entered the Confederation. The Warden held a somewhat curious position, which was, however, a very clearly defined one. He was a king's officer, unconnected with the Ports and merely commissioned for the purpose of seeing that they were maintained in a state of efficiency, so as to be always ready to render to the king the services in virtue of which they held their charters. Such an ancient and powerful institution was always to be conciliated rather than coerced; and even in later days, when the power of the Sovereign was more consolidated, the Wardens seem never to have been forced upon an unwilling community, but were selected with care as officials who would require to exercise much judgment and tact in the performance of their duties. On their appointment they were always received with much ceremony by the Barons, and at their public installation the ancient *Serement* of the Confederation was submitted to them. "Sir," it ran, "ye shall keep inviolate and maintain all the franchises, liberties, customs and usages of the Five Ports, in all that ye may do, by the allegiance that ye owe unto our Lord the King of England and by your Knighthood."

The privileges which were secured by charter to them were briefly, exemption from military service on land, freedom from taxation and from the payment of customs and tolls, the custody of the property and the persons of their minors, the bestowal of their wards in marriage, and representation in parliament. Further, they could not be cited against their will to appear in any court outside their own boundaries, and they had the

honour of rendering certain services at Court, which consisted in supporting canopies over the sovereign and his consort at the coronation, and they were allotted the distinction of dining at a table set on the king's right hand at the feast in Westminster Hall. They are mentioned as supporting the the *umbraculum* over Richard the First at his coronation, and it is alluded to even then as an ancient privilege. The claim, which was allowed at every succeeding coronation, was to support upon four silver staves a canopy of gold or purple silk, having four corners and at each corner a silver-gilt bell. Four Barons were appointed to each staff, and they were to take the canopy with its staves and bells as fees for their services. In cases where the king was married, sixteen other Barons were also to attend to support the canopy of the queen. They accompanied their Majesties from Westminster Hall to the entrance of the choir in the Abbey, where they waited while the ceremony took place. When at the the actual moment of the king being crowned, the peers put on their coronets, the Barons of the Cinque Ports alone of all the commoners in the church wore their velvet caps. When the king and queen passed out of the choir on their way back to the palace at the conclusion of the ceremony, they were received by the Barons again, who escorted them back in the same manner. In their hoods and gowns of scarlet and richly embroidered sleeves, the Portsmen gave an additional touch of colour to the central group of the pageant.

In return for all this they were required to furnish for the king's use, whenever called upon, fifty-seven ships ready for sea, and manned by crews of twenty able and well-qualified seamen and one boy, who was called a *gennet*. Forty days' notice was given

them, at the end of which the ships were to be ready for the king's use. For fifteen days they were to be maintained by the Ports at their own cost, reckoning from the time when the sails of the ships should be hoisted; after that the king undertook to pay all charges in connection with them.

After the Norman Conquest the English Channel became practically an Anglo-Norman arm of the sea, for the kings of England ruled one half of France, and the services the seamen of the Ports were called upon to render consisted chiefly in providing ships for transport purposes, or for the conveyance of the Sovereigns and their attendants to and from the Continent. It was not until John's reign, when the French provinces were lost to England and the fears of foreign invasion once more revived, that they were called upon again to defend the coast. John frequently had recourse to them, and we hear of their charters being renewed over and over again by him. No less than six were granted in one single year, 1205. They were conspicuously loyal to him in the struggle which, at the close of his reign, he made to regain his position. When the English barons offered the throne to the Dauphin of France they would have nothing to do with such an arrangement, and held Dover Castle for the King. The French King heard with much satisfaction that Louis had overrun Kent and taken possession of London; but when he enquired whether he had captured Dover Castle and was answered in the negative, he is said to have exclaimed, "Then my son has not obtained one foot of English ground." When it was rumoured from across the Channel that the French were fitting out a fleet to reinforce the Dauphin and bringing troops to his aid, the seamen of the Ports made ready their ships and laid

in wait for them. Presently the Frenchmen hove in sight and they forthwith sailed out to meet them. "Forty tall ships," says Jeake, "put out to sea under the command of Hubert de Burgh (then Warden of the Cinque Ports and Commander of Dover Castle), who meeting with eighty sail of French ships coming to aid Louis, the French king's eldest son, gave them a most courageous encounter, wherein he took some, sunk others, and discomfited the rest." The prizes were triumphantly towed into Dover. The battle had been fought so near to the shore that the people on the cliffs had been able to watch its progress. The victors were met on their return by a grand procession of bishops and clergy in full canonicals, chanting praises and thanksgivings. The spoils, consisting of much gold, silver, and silk vestments, together with weapons of all sorts, were collected. The prisoners were loaded with chains and sent into safe custody, while messengers were despatched in all speed to the young King with the joyful intelligence. The effect of the victory was instantaneous; Louis relinquished all hopes of the English crown and gladly effected his escape to France.

During the next two centuries the fleet of the Cinque Ports constituted in the main the only naval force on which the Sovereign could place any dependence. They did the work which in later times has been done by the royal navy, for of course then a standing fleet was as little known as a standing army. The king's galleys performed the duties of local guard and revenue service and were requisitioned in time of war, but only as auxiliaries, never as principals. The Cinque Ports were frequently called upon to furnish vessels for convoy duty, not only for the transport of ships but also to convey the

kings and their suites to and from the Continent. It sometimes happened in the case of a large body of troops waiting for embarkment, that the Ports could not furnish enough ships. Then the Sovereign used to resort to the simple expedient of requisitioning all the shipping of the kingdom. Mandates would be issued forbidding the sale of any vessel to a foreigner, and the export of all timber suitable for shipbuilding purposes would be prohibited for the time being. A general embargo would be laid on all shipping, and no vessel would be allowed to put out to sea without a licence, it being a very serious offence for a master to sail to any port but the one indicated in his licence, or to remain at sea beyond the prescribed limit of time. If all this did not suffice to obtain the required number of ships, the fleet of the Cinque Ports was sent to bring into harbour any ship they might fall in with, whether English or foreign. Should these refuse compliance, they were to be considered as the king's enemies and to be treated accordingly. It sometimes happened that in spite of all these measures the king's expeditions were delayed for want of sufficient means of transport. It occurred, for instance, in the reign of Henry the Third. On his arrival at Portsmouth, where his troops were assembled, he finding that there were only enough transports to convoy half his army, he flew into a royal passion and sending for Hubert de Burgh, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, swore at him lustily. So furious was his Majesty that he drew his sword and attempted in the blind fury of his passion to run him through on the spot. It was with great difficulty that de Burgh was rescued from his violence by the bystanders, and it was a long time before the King forgave him or received him back into favour.

Among the duties which occasionally devolved upon the Barons of the Cinque Ports was that of guarding the Straits of Dover. In times of political danger orders would be issued that all ports were to be closed for the time being, and that no ships were to be allowed to leave or enter until the prohibition was withdrawn. At these times Dover was made the only port of passage to and from the Continent, and the men of the Cinque Ports were strictly enjoined to keep a sharp lookout that no suspicious person made good his escape from England, or that any undesirables from abroad should effect a landing.

They must have been queer-shaped little boats in which the men of those days used to put to sea. Curiously small and unseaworthy do they appear to our modern ideas, and one only wonders at anybody having the hardihood to entrust their lives to them. It was before the days of the mariner's compass, be it remembered, and the use of the magnet for navigating purposes was only in its infancy. Up to the end of the thirteenth century the boats rarely exceeded 240 tons burden. They were for the most part rudderless, the steering being done by a huge paddle, called a *clavus*, which was worked from the side of the ship, and no mention is made anywhere of their being fitted with pumps. Even in the fourteenth century two masts were unusual, and where they did occur they were single poles and similar to each other, excepting that while the mainmast was perpendicular, the foremast was often raked considerably forward. Each carried a single lug sail, and each had apparently a fighting-top formed of a large barrel. There is no sign of a bowsprit supporting a fore-and-aft sail. A sea-voyage in those days must have made a demand upon a man's courage and also on his powers

of physical endurance, for it is doubtful whether the ships were even provided with cabins, so that passengers must have had a most uncomfortable time. In the records of Henry the Third's reign mention is made of the sum of 4s. 6d. being paid for making a chamber in a ship which was to convey the King to France, "to place his things in"; and a few years later, when the King and Queen went to Gascony, "decent chambers were ordered to be built in the vessel in which they were to sail, and these were to be properly panelled." One of the King's personal attendants held a grant of land in Kent in return for the services he rendered during the royal journeys to and from the Continent, his special duty being to hold his Majesty's head should he chance to suffer from sea-sickness.

From the twelfth to the fourteenth century the English Channel appears to have been infested with pirates of many nationalities. In England piracy does not appear to have been regarded with any disfavour by those in high authority. Licences were frequently granted to the Barons of the Cinque Ports and others to harass the shipping of other nations, especially that of France, and the only condition attaching to them was that the king should receive one half of the booty. Such expeditions were actually protected by royal authority, and any one molesting a vessel which carried such a licence was liable to a fine. The seamen of the Cinque Ports were absolutely impartial in their marauding expeditions. It was all the same to them whether the ships were French, Spanish, or belonged to the Hanse Towns; they plundered them all indiscriminately. At one time these ports were regarded as the headquarters of piracy in the Channel, and it is stated that owing to their depredations the prices of all

foreign goods rose enormously, and that there was a positive scarcity of such commodities as salt, iron, and cloths.

Under a weak king like Henry the Third they appear to have been exceedingly lawless. In the dispute between him and his barons they ranged themselves on the side of the latter. When the Pope, who supported the King, sent a Cardinal Legate to mediate between the two parties, the Barons of the Cinque Ports would not even allow him to land. When Urban heard of it he was so incensed at their presumption that he formally excommunicated them. The Portsmen did not care a whit. They found out when the dread mandates were expected, boarded the vessel, tore them into shreds, and threw the pieces into the sea.

But despite their occasional excesses they were a real power in the kingdom, and it was generally recognised by the nation at large that in the main their efforts were always in the direction of establishing constitutional liberties and preventing interference from foreign Powers. A proof of this is seen in the fact of Simon de Montfort, when he assembled his famous parliament, summoning no less than four Barons from each of the Cinque Ports and from the two Ancient Towns, which was an exceedingly generous representation; and they were moreover allowed to rank above the knights of the shires. In later times they used to return fourteen members to Parliament. Before the separation of the great council of the nation into two houses the members were summoned in the following order. On the first day the burgesses and citizens were called, on the second the knights of the shire, and on the third and last the Barons of the Cinque Ports and the peers. They seem to have held

a place midway between the superior clergy and the baronage on the one hand, and the inferior clergy and the knights, citizens, and burgesses on the other.

In the reign of Edward the First the Portsmen rendered very signal service to the King in his conquest of Wales by blockading the Welsh coast and holding Anglesey. With Edward's army in his rear holding all the mountain passes and the seamen of the Cinque Ports on the coast, Llewellyn's cause became hopeless, and the subjugation of the Principality followed. In Edward's Scotch wars they were called out again, and they scoured the seas so effectually that no succours ever reached the King's enemies in Scotland from abroad. Just about this time a deadly insult was offered to the Portsmen. Some Norman vessels appeared off the coast, from the yards of which were hanging the bodies of some Englishmen who had been slain recently in a fight, alternately with the carcasses of dogs; a dog and an Englishman, another dog and another Englishman, and so on all the way round. The fury of the Portsmen can be imagined. This kind of thing was not settled by arbitration in those days. The Barons flew to their ships and started off in frantic pursuit. They came up with the Normans and an engagement was fought in a blinding snowstorm and the French came so badly out of it that, according to Jeake, "France was thereby for a long season after in a manner destitute of both seamen and shipping."

Froissart has given us an account of a great sea-fight in which the seamen of the Cinque Ports assisted Edward the Third against the Spaniards.

The King of England hated these Spaniards greatly [he tells us], and said

publicly, "We have for a long time spared these people, for which they have done us much harm, without amending their conduct; on the contrary they grew more arrogant, for which reason they must be chastised as they repossess our coasts."

Three days the English ships waited for them in the narrow seas between Dover and Calais. On the third evening the King was in the front part of the deck, dressed in a black velvet jacket and "a small black beaver hat which became him very well." He "was never more joyous in his life," says Froissart. The minstrels were playing to him and Sir John Chandos, one of his knights, was dancing on the deck for his entertainment. In short it was a very merry company. Suddenly the watch aloft called out, "Ho! I see a sail." The music came to a dead stop, and Sir John stood stock still in the middle of his dance and a great silence fell on them all. "I see two, three, four, so many that, God help me, I cannot count them," sang out the watch again, and shortly afterwards the Spaniards hove in sight.

They had forty vessels and of such a size and so beautiful it was a fine sight to see them under sail [says Froissart]. Near the top of their masts were small castles full of flints and stones and a soldier to guard them, and there was also a flagstaff, from whence fluttered their streamers in the wind so that it was pleasant to look at them. . . . They might have refused battle had they wished, as they were well freighted, in large ships, and had the wind in their favour . . . but their pride and presumption made them act otherwise. They disdained to sail by and instantly bore down upon them.

He gives a vivid account of the fight, how the ships grappled and what deeds of valour were performed, how the King's ship received rough treatment and began to leak so badly that it is a wonder that he and his

knights were not all sent to the bottom ; but after a terrible hand-to-hand struggle they boarded the ship to which they were grappled, flung overboard every body they found in it, and thus saved themselves. "It lasted a considerable time," adds Froissart, "and the Spaniards gave the King of England plenty to do." At last the enemy, having lost fourteen ships, made off and the English vessels anchored for the night off Rye and Winchelsea, where the King thanked his Barons for their services and they "took their leave and returned every man to his home."

"In the reign of Henry the Fourth," writes Jeake, "the navy of the Cinque Ports conducted by Henry Page (Arrippy the Spaniards call him) surprised two hundred and twenty ships all laden with no worse merchandise than oil, iron, and salt." Henry the Sixth called upon them frequently for service, and they fitted out their whole fleet of fifty-seven ships for him in 1445 ; but by this time their glory was past, and they were never called upon to furnish their full quota of vessels again. Their harbours had begun to decay and could no longer accommodate the larger vessels which had come into vogue ; other ports rose into prominence, and the limits of their service no longer sufficed for the national defence. Finally when England, imitating the example set her by France, began in Henry the Seventh's reign to construct ships specially designed for purposes of war, the fleet of the Cinque Ports sank into comparative insignificance.

We still hear of them from time to time, however. Henry the Eighth called upon them on more than one occasion for special service ; and at the time of the Spanish Armada they furnished five stout ships and a pinnace for her Majesty's service for two months, though in fact they kept the

sea four months at their own cost ; and we read further that it was their mariners who being, of course, well acquainted with the channels and shallows of the opposite coasts, were enabled to allure some of the enemy's huge galleons to certain destruction, and thus put them out of action for the rest of the engagement.

Before the sailing of the Invincible Armada, Philip, confident of victory, bestowed the office of Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports on one of his favourites, a man of some distinction, who proceeded to expend the whole of his substance on fitting out a vessel for the Armada in which he held a captain's command. At the last moment illness prevented him from sailing with the rest of the fleet, but so soon as he had recovered he followed in a pinnace, and nothing doubting that by that time the conquest of England was an accomplished fact, steered his course direct to Dover to take up his appointment. Instead of being received, as he had anticipated, with abject submission by a cringing and servile population, to his utter astonishment his vessel was boarded, he himself seized, forcibly dragged before the Constable, and clapped into prison to wait, in one of the dungeons of the castle in which he had expected to rule as governor, until the terms of his ransom could be arranged. One can imagine the delight of the Portsmen at his discomfiture. Some seven years later, when the attack on Cadiz was being organised, they came forward with alacrity and provided five ships of 160 tons each, all at their own expense, and placed them at the Queen's disposal for the space of five months. We hear of their sea-service once more after this, and once only. In Charles the First's reign they furnished him with two ships for

three months, at a cost to themselves of £1,825 8s.

During the coronation feast of Charles the Second news was brought to the Barons that the royal footmen were attempting to appropriate the canopies, which with the silver staves and bells had from time immemorial been considered the property of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. On hearing this news the Barons rose at once from their seats and went out to protect their property. A very noisy scene ensued, and the King sent out to know what it was all about. The royal footmen were placed under arrest and were dismissed the King's service next day. An incident which occurred at the coronation of James the Second was by many regarded as an evil omen. The King was returning to Westminster Hall after the ceremony, and walking in his royal coronation robes under a canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, when suddenly it tore across. "Twas of cloth of gold," says Aubrey, "and my strength could not, I am confident, have rent it, and it was not a windy day."

At the coronation of George the Third, no table was placed for the Barons in Westminster Hall. They protested, but in vain, and when they arrived at the Hall and found that the table which should have been theirs was already occupied by several peers and ladies, they were extremely indignant and, refusing to sit anywhere else,

stood in a group at the high table on the King's right hand until past nine o'clock, when they retired. A formal protest was addressed to the Earl Marshal later, and at the coronation of George the Fourth their table was placed in its ancient position. But the Barons were not entirely satisfied even then, for they complained that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London were allowed to sit nearer to the King than they were. At the coronations of William the Fourth and Queen Victoria the usual procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey was omitted, as was also the feast, so no opportunity was afforded to the Barons of performing their usual offices. At the coronation of King Edward the Seventh they were present in the Abbey but did not attend personally on the King and Queen.

Of the ancient and honourable corporation of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, the two Ancient Towns and their Limbs, very few signs remain at the present time. In one place only does the name still appear, and that is on the rolls of Parliament. The Man in the Street may be ignorant of their claims, yet the page which records the brilliant service which they rendered the country in the far off past, and also the leading part which they played in helping to establish the constitutional liberties of England, will ever keep its place in the annals of our history.

MINTO F. JOHNSTON.

HOSPITALS AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

THERE are many reasons why London with its great size, wealth, and peculiarly varied population should be one of the greatest, if not the greatest school for medical education in the world. That it is not so can be easily shown, and at the present time when an earnest effort is being made to establish a medical institute and to organise the various branches of medical education it is as well to examine some of the causes of the failure. The report of the Committee which was appointed on behalf of King Edward's Hospital Fund to enquire into the financial relations between hospitals and medical schools in London has dealt with this subject to some extent, and their findings are alone sufficient to indicate the gravity of the present position. From the point of view of the general public, who are asked to subscribe large sums of money to London hospitals, it appears that much money is wasted on the education of medical students, and as some of the money comes out of the coffers of the hospitals it follows that it also comes out of the pockets of the British public.

There are twelve medical schools in London, yet none of them occupies such a position of authority in the medical world as does Edinburgh University. The number of medical students in London has decreased during the past thirty years by about one-half, and the present tendency is for the number to sink

still lower. The annual entry of fresh students for all the London medical schools has declined from an average of 679 in the years 1879-1883 to an average of 424 in the years 1900-4. Edinburgh has students who hail from various parts of England, Ireland, Wales, and the Colonies, and these students form about one-half of the total number on the books. Even Birmingham, which is the proud possessor of a fine university, is slowly beating London.

The twelve medical schools, some of them fairly good in their way, are not sufficiently adequate to cope with great opportunities. They lack the advantage which one or two big centres would possess. Their teachers, on account of the comparative smallness of the schools, are underpaid. There are, of course, some very distinguished men teaching in the London medical schools, but when opportunity offers they go elsewhere. Many of the schools would have to close their doors if it were not for the support they receive out of the funds of the hospitals to which they are attached. Such schools are known to lack in many respects the complete equipment which big medical centres possess. Consequently they are somewhat inefficient; but they are also expensive, and it is this question of expense, together with the pitiful fact that London as a medical centre is ceasing to exist, that possesses a vital interest just now.

Out of the twelve medical schools there are only four where contributions are not made out of the general funds of the hospitals to make up the deficit on the working of the schools. These are Guy's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, King's College, and University College. For the rest, Charing Cross, London, Middlesex, St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, St. Mary's, St. Thomas's and Westminster Hospitals, the amount of money which has to be given by them to the schools annually is a very large one; though, of course, owing to various circumstances, such for instance as an increased number of students and more fees, it fluctuates to a certain degree. A well-known official connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital recently made a private calculation of the amount of money which passed from the hospitals to these schools during the course of a year and for which no adequate return was given. He arrived at the conclusion that the average yearly sum was at least £10,000. As this amount goes to bolster up schools which lack a good many requirements, and which are far below the standard of what the leading medical schools in London ought to be, it can only be viewed as money wasted,—wasted in the sense that the object and the expenditure do not give anything like a fair return. There is also another view. The sum of £10,000 is a very considerable one, and in the hospital world of London it could do a vast amount of good if applied judiciously.

Here are the amounts which in 1903 were paid by hospitals to the various schools which are connected with them. These figures, I may explain, are taken from the material laid before the Committee appointed by King Edward's Hospital Fund and they may be regarded as accurate.

<i>Hospital.</i>	<i>Amount Paid to School.</i>
Charing Cross ..	£1,156 17 0
London ..	2,588 1 6
Middlesex ..	701 10 7
St. Bartholomew's ..	1,122 2 8
St. George's ..	1,225 0 0
St. Mary's ..	652 1 8
St. Thomas's ..	788 5 11
Westminster..	472 10 0

In fairness to the medical schools it must be explained that in some instances pecuniary returns were made. In the case of Charing Cross Hospital the school paid to the hospital one-fifth of its gross receipts, which in 1903 amounted to £626 8. 1. With respect to the London Hospital certain amounts have from time to time been paid by the hospital to the schools on which the latter pays interest, but taken altogether the money passing from the hospital to the school is considerable. For certain loans the school of St. Bartholomew's paid to the hospital in 1903 £778 19. 9., but against this it may be pointed out that the hospital has expended on the school-buildings since 1865 a sum of £59,694 18. 6. The land occupied by the college belongs to the hospital, and the residential college occupied by the students of the school belongs to and is maintained by the hospital, which has incurred a loss under this head averaging £86 13. per annum during the last thirty-four years. St. George's Hospital received from the school £359 17. 1., which however was rent and interest due. In the case of St. Mary's Hospital the original accommodation of the school was paid for by the founders of the hospital. Since then part of the accommodation has been taken by the hospital and a sum of £11,000 advanced to the school for new buildings. Up to and including the year 1900 four per cent. interest on this sum was paid; in 1902 three and a

half per cent. was the interest; in 1903 no interest was paid. In addition to the amount given by St. Thomas's Hospital to the school the rates and taxes of the school-buildings were paid by the hospital. The Westminster Hospital school pays a rent of £160 per annum to the hospital.

These particulars clearly show that the hospitals derive no direct benefit from the schools; it is the schools which have the advantage. On behalf of the present system it is claimed that the hospitals obtain a certain amount of valuable prestige from the presence of the schools. No doubt this is so to some extent, but this consideration certainly does not carry very far. Of course in the case of students who have nearly finished their course of training, and who are on the verge of taking their degrees, there is some real advantage. The presence of such students in a hospital can be positively helpful to the ordinary medical staff. Two minds are often better than one, and a student may often assist a busy physician, and in fact may take off his hands a certain amount of work which can be performed quite as well by an embryo doctor as by the full-fledged practitioner. And a student doing this obtains much valuable experience which forms an important part of his medical education. There is experience which can only be obtained in a hospital or a similar institution, and this, in the view of those who favour a continuance of the present expensive methods, forms a case in favour of hospital medical schools.

It is my purpose to show that though there may be some gain in prestige it is not equivalent to the undoubted pecuniary loss, and that a scheme might very well be put into working order which would retain for the hospitals the benefit of the senior students' services, but which would at

the same time abolish at least eight of the medical schools as they at present exist.

The remedy lies in a system of amalgamation by which the hospitals would be relieved of the great expenses of supporting schools where new students would commence their studies. As, however, hospital experience is now absolutely necessary before a student can acquire any practical knowledge of his profession, the hospitals should admit students who have passed the preliminary and intermediate stages of the training which might be as well passed from a hospital as in one. These preliminary and intermediate stages, it should be explained, consist of such subjects as chemistry and biology and the properties of the various medicines. These could very well be studied away from a hospital. To teach them means the expense of a department which is practically useless so far as the hospital is concerned; it also means the employment of teachers quite apart from the ordinary hospital staff. The last stage of the student's career could be passed in a hospital where the actual work of the regular doctors and nurses would afford the student every chance of learning the more practical side of his profession, and there would really be no expense to the hospital under this head. In fact there would be a gain. The student in the pursuit of knowledge and experience would, as I have said, often be useful. Thus the hospital would retain its medical school but in a limited sense only.

There was a period,—some sixty years ago—when the hospital schools were limited in this way. That was the time when young men were apprenticed to various doctors and merely came to London to "walk the hospitals" and obtain practical knowledge in chemical medicine, surgery, and midwifery. Since that period a

doctor's course of education has been greatly extended, and the hospitals have made desperate attempts to provide facilities for covering the whole course. As the figures given show, the result has been most unsatisfactory from a pecuniary point of view, and as has been pointed out by one of the organs of the medical profession the greater part of the annual income derived from student's fees for the whole course goes in many schools to defray the cost of instruction in the preliminary and intermediate subjects; even so, the teachers of these subjects receive very inadequate salaries while the teachers of chemical subjects,—the working hospital staff—receive little or nothing for their teaching. The moral is that the hospitals ought never to have made the attempt of covering this vast amount of ground; they should have been content, as they were in the days when walking the hospitals was a recognised custom, to impart instruction only in the latter stages. Something like financial disaster has attended their endeavour to cope with the complete curriculum, and as this is a matter of public importance in view of the subsidies made out of the general funds of the big public hospitals a remedy should certainly be applied.

By the amalgamation of the schools which cannot pay their way, or, what is practically the same thing, by the establishment of one or more big centres of medical education in the Metropolis and the abolition of the smaller schools, the evil would be removed.

At such a centre students could receive training in the preliminary and intermediate subjects and then revert for practical experience and surgery to any of the hospitals. Obviously the hospitals would gain by this. They would be relieved of a

large expenditure and considerable trouble, and the public would gain inasmuch as the money which at present goes to these schools could be spent on making the hospitals larger and more efficient. The students would gain also, and would not lose a single advantage. They would have the advantage of being able to prosecute their studies in more complete laboratories than the struggling hospitals are able to afford, and they would have more and better teachers. I do not wish to throw any reflection upon those gentlemen who are at present teaching in the hospital schools, but a prosperous centre would be able to pay on a much more liberal scale and would consequently be able to secure the very best instructors. It is the lack of a well-paying centre which is responsible for the exodus of the best teachers from London to Birmingham and elsewhere. The students would also gain by being brought into contact with other influences than those which immediately surround a busy hospital; and it may be claimed for such a scheme as this that it would introduce into the education of the young doctor some of that mysterious but nevertheless very beneficial atmosphere which is generally admitted to be an important factor in the education of a young man at one or the other of our ancient universities. Dr. Headlam, the present Dean of King's College, who speaks with undoubted authority and with considerable experience behind him, assured me that he believed that not only would the establishment of such a centre as I have described be advantageous from the point of view of learning and public convenience, but that it would be a gain, to the student in rescuing him during the early days of his career from the peculiar atmosphere of a hospital. Dr. Headlam holds the view that

there are great advantages in a raw student not being introduced to the practical work of a hospital, which he would not comprehend before he had received the ground-work of his medical education. After the preliminary courses the student would approach the practical work of his profession with a larger understanding and in a broader and more serious spirit.

The real and immediate difficulty is the establishment of this centre for the preliminary and intermediate studies. The value of amalgamation is becoming generally recognised, though certain of the hospital authorities say they prefer the present system. The preservation of their independence is what they desire, though it is difficult to see, when under such a scheme as has been mentioned they would gain much more than they would lose, why they should raise any serious objection. Recognising the advantage which might follow partial amalgamation negotiations have for some time been taking place between the Westminster Medical School authorities and the heads of King's College. At the time of writing it is impossible to say what the ultimate result may be. It is an important fact that King's College is in a position to provide a centre to which many of the students now pursuing their early studies at the smaller and struggling medical schools could come and have all the advantages of complete laboratories and first-rate teachers. By a Bill which has been introduced into Parliament the University of London will probably incorporate University College, and this will bring into existence a large centre where medical students could go through their preliminary studies. Whether these two centres would be sufficient is not quite certain. The fear is that it would not be sufficient;

and if London is to take its place as the premier city for medical education something more elaborate will have to be attempted.

A short while ago an appeal was issued for funds to establish a large medical institute at South Kensington under the control of the University of London. The proposal, which was supported by his Majesty the King who takes a very vital interest in any question affecting the hospitals of London, was put forward in a convincing way in a letter to *THE TIMES* by Dr. Fowler, the Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of London, who has demonstrated ever since the need for such an institute. There was no immediate response to the appeal of any great value, but there is every reason to believe that the scheme is to be persevered with. It may be that an impetus will be given by the significant speech delivered by the Prince of Wales as recently as March 29th. His Royal Highness announced that in future none of the money given to the hospitals by the King Edward's Hospital Fund would be allowed to go for the support of the various medical schools.

But whatever views may be held as to the best remedy for the present condition of things there is no doubt that large sums of money, often subscribed by the public, are not being used to the best advantage at present; that London is losing its place as an important centre for medical education; and that London by virtue of its peculiarities, is naturally the finest city in the world in which to pursue medical studies. Its wealth and population are immense, its inhabitants comprise people of every nationality, and the variety of its diseases is consequently greater than that of smaller towns.

EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.

SPORT IN THE HINDOO KOOSH.

It is only in a few of the remotest recesses of the rugged Hindoo Koosh that the old sport of driving with hounds still lingers, and this mostly in glens where the foot of few white men have trod. In other places the arrival of the Englishman has been followed by game-laws, the necessary concomitant of modern rifles. These all condemn driving, and rightly, for the man with the weapons of to-day stands in no need of four-footed assistance to make things easy for him. It is otherwise with the indigenous sportsman armed with his old matchlock of prehistoric design. With the crude weapons carried by Chitrali or Washigam *shikaris*, not all the hunter's craft at their disposal, nor the ownership of the best breeds of hounds, would enable them to exterminate game.

The theory of the sport is based upon the fact that markhor and ibex, when escaping from their natural foes, leopards and wolves, fly to precipices where no other animal, be it cat or dog, can venture; and when followed by the hunter's hounds, they pursue exactly the same tactics. Arrived at their supposed refuge, they are so intent on staring at the baying hounds, that they pay little attention to their deadlier two-footed foes, who can approach close enough to use their antiquated pieces with effect. It is said that whole herds are sometimes wiped out in this way; but this must be very rare, or one would not find all grounds new to the European sportsman as full of game as they usually are.

The sport is conducted in two ways. There is the royal drive, as managed for the benefit of the petty kings of

the Hindoo Koosh, in which a large number of beaters with dogs drive the game up to posted guns, much as chamois are driven in Austria. And there is the humbler but more sporting way followed by the professional hunter, with his leash of hounds, frequently entailing toil which few but born mountaineers could endure. One's sympathies, however, are with the princes and mighty ones of the earth in this matter; for here, as in other places, they are rarely allowed the pleasure of doing their own hunting. Poor kings who miss the real enjoyment of sport, though themselves ignorant of their loss, one cannot but feel sorry for them!

Let me first try to describe a royal drive as arranged for the Mehtar of Chitral, the premier chieftain of the Hindoo Koosh.

Early one winter morning I found myself following a Chitrali guide up a gorge, where the sheer sides of rock in places almost met above us. Every few hundred yards the torrent impinged against one rock wall or the other, necessitating a crossing by means of a pine pole flung across the foaming water. The night's frost had glazed such of these as were touched by the spray, with a film of ice, which had to be dusted with sand before even my light-footed guide could trust himself on them. But for these, and occasional anxious moments at points where a crossing of the stream had been deemed unnecessary in local opinion and we had to creep gingerly round difficult rock corners where the water below roared a most uninviting summons, the track was monotonous enough, as one could

see but a short way in front owing to the turns of the gorge.

The king, whose shooting-box lay some way up the valley, had gone up the previous evening, by a zigzag path over the mountain, along which (on a Chitrali pony) it was possible to ride.

The valley, which, like most others in this part of the Himalayas, was a gorge for a few miles above its embouchure into the main Chitral glen, presently opened out and the shooting-box came in sight, a little wooden structure built on a plateau overhanging the stream and surrounded by pines and junipers. A crowd of retainers was lounging about outside, a picturesque crew of good-looking ruffians, carrying all manner of arms, from matchlock to Mannlicher, and like all Chitrali crowds full of jokes and laughter. The *shikaris* and beaters had all been out since long before daylight. It was now about nine o'clock and so far no news had come. The Mehtar came out to meet me, a pale young man rather below middle height, with a quiet dignified manner, the difficulties of whose position it is unnecessary to dilate on here. Having not yet breakfasted he asked me to join him, an invitation I found no difficulty in accepting, as the keen morning air had long since made my early breakfast a mere remembrance. It fortunately proved to be not the Oriental repast of ceremony, with its interminable courses, but a comparatively light meal, consisting of but four enormous dishes or rather trays of *pillaus* and such like, from which the king and I ate direct without the unnecessary formality of separate plates. He ate delicately with his fingers, as the Easterns say "with discretion," while I had the use of the only spoon and fork.

As to the prospects of sport, I learnt that a herd of markhor had been seen on the previous evening

with one big buck, and the *shikaris* with some two hundred beaters and the royal pack had gone out to surround them on three sides for the purpose of driving them towards the hunting-ground. Breakfast over, our hands were sprinkled with rose-scented water from a great brass *qstaba*, and we set off on foot. We soon began to climb up a path newly cut in the steep hill-side, and in half an hour found ourselves on a little platform with a low wall in front, some four hundred feet above the stream. Looking across, the opposite slopes deep in snow were visible to a height of two or three thousand feet above us; they were not excessively steep and were scantily covered with junipers and holly oaks. Immediately opposite us, at a range of perhaps ninety yards, was a precipitous face of rock, going down almost sheer into the water. This was the point to which the markhor were to be driven, and where it was hoped they would stand long enough to be shot.

We had now to keep as still and silent as possible and sat ourselves down behind the wall at points from which we could get a commanding view. An attendant flung over the Mehtar a magnificent fur robe which had come straight from Bokhara, and others wrapped themselves in sheep-skin pelisses and cloaks, for the wind was bitterly cold. Only a few of the Mehtar's intimates had accompanied us to the butt, but in glancing at the array of modern rifles with which they were armed and at the rocks opposite where the beasts were to be shot down, I half regretted coming to what seemed likely to end in a butchery; for the combination of ancient strategy with modern arms seemed a trifle unfair to our quarry.

The Mehtar was beguiling the time by telling me of some wonderful battues at this spot in the time of

his ill-fated predecessor, when faint confused sounds of shouting came from high up the opposite mountain, mingled with the yelping of dogs. Presently some black dots appeared moving far away in the snow; then a man perched up on a rock behind us said "Big markhor coming this way," and we saw a big beast come bounding down alone, pausing after each spring to see where the danger lay, and heading straight for the rock face opposite. The men in the butt all seized their rifles and crouched close to the wall. I declined the Mehtar's pressing invitation to take the shot, so he got ready. The markhor was now within two hundred yards of us and I was watching him through the glasses. A kingly fellow he looked, with his head thrown back, his great black spiral horns standing grandly out and his long beard sweeping the snow. Suddenly, seeming to scent danger in front, he turned half left and up the glen. A few gigantic bounds brought him with an avalanche of snow and stones to the bottom of the valley, across which he dashed and was lost to view. Two or three shots had been fired as soon as it was seen he was not going into the rock face, but he was not touched, and I was glad to think he might live to add a few more inches to his magnificent spread of horns, enjoy a few more seasons of courtship, and then die in a more befitting manner.

Of course the grumbles in the butt were loud and not less sincere, and everyone blamed everyone else for having moved or shown themselves at the critical moment. The big markhor of the herd had escaped, and it now became apparent also from the shouts and yelps getting fainter and fainter, that the rest of the herd had somehow managed to break through the line.

But stay, here comes something

down the opposite slope. It is a doe markhor, going as if a pack of demons were after her. On she comes and reaches her supposed refuge on the rock face. The cause of her haste is soon evident, for a long Badakshan hound is close on her tracks, not a couple of hundred yards behind and giving tongue in short excited yelps. As the hound reaches one side of the precipice and begins to creep cautiously along a snowy ledge, the doe wandering on and invisible to him, has reached the further side and turns round again towards the centre of the rock. I signal to the Mehtar not to shoot, for it is evident that hunter and hunted are going to meet nose to nose on a ledge about an inch wide and the solution of the problem will be interesting. Only a corner of rock now separates them and both reach it simultaneously. A chorus of *ya allah* burst from the spectators in our gallery, as the doe without one moment's hesitation, sprang straight out into mid air and went down. A gallant bid for life it was and suitably rewarded, for, leaning over, we saw her recover her footing in deep snow two hundred feet down, dash on to the stream, across, and away to safety on the line her lord and master had taken before. The hound could do nothing but extricate himself from the precipice, which done, he sat down and barked foolishly.

There was nothing more, and we returned, the Mehtar full of apologies at the poor sport he had shown, though, as I told him, the leap for life that doe had shown us, was a sight I would have gone far to see.

The beaters came in in groups, some not arriving for hours afterwards. The tale they told was that the body of the herd were first making straight for our rock, but something

had turned them and they had gone right through the line of beaters. Tracks of two snow leopards had been seen and that was supposed to be the cause of the fiasco.

Now let us transfer ourselves to one of the higher valleys, nearer the main axis of this mighty belt of mountain land, where the mysterious ibex in his haunts of snow and ice forms the quarry of humbler votaries. Here we are in the midst of romance and legend.

There is, even to materialistic Westerns something almost supernatural about the ibex. When, during the fearful winters of high regions, his summer companions, markhor and corial, bear and marmot, either seek lower and warmer levels, or hibernate in comfortable underground dwellings, the ibex remains alone among the snows and drifting mists. What enables them to defy the terrific elements, and escape the constant avalanches that thunder down the mountain sides in the spring time? How do they exist? The ordinary mortal will explain it by saying that they crowd together under rock shelters and subsist on grass roots and juniper sprays while the winter is at its height, and that instinct teaches them to keep to ridges and *arêtes* during the avalanche season, and that they are protected from the intense cold by a thick under coat of wonderful soft wool. But every Chitrali knows well that ibex are under the special protection of the mountain fairies, the chief of whom lives among the icy pyramids and high turrets of the great mountain Tirich Mir. They know that when the earthquakes pass along these valleys, those specially gifted can see hosts of fairies streaming across the sky, riding on ibex and long-maned ponies. Men and women are now living who have been

transported to the gleaming palaces of Tirich Mir and seen their inhabitants and the ibex that wander freely among them. Does not history also relate how, when the country is in urgent danger, fairies are seen by many with their ibex squadrons, riding to the Mehtar's assistance? Does not every Kohistani know that it was by their aid alone that the army of the famous Sikh general, Bhup Singh, was surrounded on the Gilgit road and every man of them either killed or sold to the slave-dealing Mirs of Slighnan and Roshan?

The slaying of an ibex therefore is no light matter. No *shikari* would venture to start on a hunting trip without having first propitiated the protecting powers. Otherwise his foot would slip on the edge of some dizzy precipice; stones would hurtle through the air, impelled by unseen hands; he would fall through into some deep ice well in the groaning glacier; or may be he would wander bewildered like the Ancient Mariner, seeing fearful sights:

And through the drifts the snowy
cliffs,
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

But whether lying under hills of green ice, or kept in bondage by the fairy folk of Tirich Mir, certain it is that he would never again be seen alive.

So the *shikari* omits none of the customary ceremonies before leaving home. His good woman first bakes him an enormous cake, which is stuffed into the folds of his gown above the girdle. He cleans his brass-bound matchlock and slings it over his shoulder and hangs round him bullet-pouch, powder-horn, knife, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of the chase. Then, after warn-

ing his wife not to allow unpurified man or woman to cross his threshold, he starts off with his leash of hounds.

At the mouth of the selected valley, he flings four pieces of his loaf north, south, east, and west, invoking the special fairy of the place. "Oh guardian of this golden glen, this slave has approached thy abode. Look on him with kindness. I have come under thy silken sleeve and the hem of thy skirts. Of thy flocks, grant me but one beast. Let him be such as has no wool, has no milk, and is unable to keep up with the herd, that is thin, weak, lame, and even blind. Give keenness to my eyes and power to my limbs, so that I may slay one animal. Safeguard me from all dangers."

For the hunter of the Hindoo Koosh the year is divided into numerous seasons, known under different names. There is the rutting season, when the sexes mingle in the early winter; the dead of winter, when all the ibex grounds are fathoms deep in snow; the avalanche season when the roar of cataracts of snow is almost continuous under the morning and mid-day sun; the season when the lower slopes with a southern aspect form brown streaks in a white ocean of mountains; the season when the fresh green grass begins to appear, and slowly spreads up the mountain to the lowest limits of eternal snow; the summer, when all the mountain sides where earth can lie are carpeted with grass and flowers, and game animals have their widest range to wander over; and lastly, the season when the higher slopes take autumnal tints of red and yellow, and ibex are found comparatively low down taking advantage of the last of the summer grazing. This is the time when the old bucks are in pride of grease, and it is consequently perhaps the favourite shooting time among *shikaris*, though of course

their work is easiest of all in the spring, when the ibex, ravenous after their short winter commons, come low down for the first blades of fresh green grass and wormwood.

Ibex having been seen, there are two methods of proceeding, according to the excellence of the hunter's hounds. If they are of the best breed, staunch and well trained, he can, as the saying is, slip them at the bottom of the *nullah* and then go and breakfast at leisure, certain that the early morning's downward flowing air will have brought news of the ibex to the hounds, and that by the time he has finished, he will find one or two of the herd rounded up into some precipice, to which he will be attracted by his hounds' baying. This is the ideal.

The real is more often something like this. The hunter, after picking up his ibex, takes his hounds well above them and sights them before slipping. A long chase follows, the hounds hunting their game from precipice to precipice, the *shikari* keeping them in sight or hearing as best he may. A long day's hunt in deep snow and frequently the most appallingly dangerous ground is the usual thing, the end of which may be a shot or may not. Much of course depends on the suitability of the valley for this kind of hunting. The best *nullahs* which have been pointed out to me all have the same characteristics; the greater part of the ground is comparatively easy, but somewhere in the middle is a great scarp of naked rock, from which it would be impossible for the hounds to move a beast which has once taken refuge there.

Imagine the scene at such a moment: the ibex standing on a ledge or niche in some sheer cliffs of rock, turning this way and that; the exhausted hounds lying at the bottom

with lolling tongues, baying as they lie and taking snatches at the snow. Enter the *shikari* from above at a dizzy height, peering over the edge. The range is too far for his rude weapon. He examines the ground with the eye of a cragsman born and bred, to whom giddiness and nerves are unknown. His feet, wrapped round with strips of untanned hide, will stand firm on rock which would appear as impracticable for one in nailed boots as the dancing of a horn-pipe on the dome of St. Paul's. But the risks of rocks glazed by ice, stone shoots, all the hundred and one perils that beset one who would climb on rock, all these he knows and appreciates. Alone and encumbered with his hunting-gear, he lets himself down and trusts himself step by step with infinite care on ground where none but the most adventurous Alpine climbers, roped and in company, would venture.

The shot he takes lying down with the muzzle of his weapon resting on or against a stone. Lucky he deems himself if the beast goes head over heels, whizzing down to the anxious hounds, for his agate-cored balls leave as much to be desired in point of efficiency as his old musket in point of accuracy. Perhaps the finish only comes at the end of a wearisome chase after a wounded beast, the termination of which may be success or failure.

With the *shikari* as with the Sheikh Sadis' dervish, "His inn is wherever darkness may find him"; but if the rigours of a night under the stars are mitigated by the skin of a freshly killed ibex for a covering and his bread helped down with morsels of roasted liver, he is as as happy as a king.

In this sport very much depends on the hounds, and a good pair are very highly prized. Like the ponies of these highlands, the best breeds come

from Badakshan and look like a cross between a Borzoi and collie. Before the hunting-season comes on, *shikaris* harden and condition their hounds by pitching them into some icy torrent several times a day,—a course which I was once recommended to follow with a favourite spaniel somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*.

The successful *shikari*, on his way home, sings the quaint hunting-song called the *ghoru*. As he nears his village, men and boys run out to relieve him of his kit and load of meat and horns,—the latter destined to grace the nearest saint's shrine. The whole hamlet joins in the chorus, those not helping with the loads sitting down on the roofs of their houses and with little fingers in their ears (like a huntsman) rendering the song at the highest pitch of their voices.

Oh valley opened for me, *hé ho*,
Blood-stained are my hands, *hé ho*.

Deer-like are thine eyes, *hé ho*,
Seeing after death, *hé ho*.

Rise I in the night, *hé ho*,
Crouching I await thee, *hé ho*.

Thy feet they leave a trail, *hé ho*;
Thy horns they graze the sky, *hé ho*.

Food from the unseen, *hé ho*,
Thou art given by God, *hé ho*.

From ridge to ridge I spy thee, *hé ho*;
I would know thee again and again,
hé ho.

I see thy various shapes, *hé ho*;
I track thee from ledge to ledge, *hé ho*.

In the midst of the herd I strike,
hé ho;
Face to face I slay thee, *hé ho*.

Thou the ibex of my kitchen, *hé ho*,
Thou the guest of this evening, *hé ho*.

Thou the high and unattainable, *hé ho*,
Now descend through my smoke-hole, *hé ho*.

The meat is actually taken into the *shikari's* house through the hole in the roof which serves for a chimney, and there received by the members of his family, he himself entering in by the door.

The usual quarry in the Hindoo Koosh is, as has been said, markhor and ibex, but when the snow is deep and a herd of oorial has been marked down in a suitable place, that is to say, low down on flattish ground, a whole village will turn out and mob the poor beasts to death with their dogs, and there is a recorded instance at Gilgit when a big herd were so wiped out. As a rule, oorial, who trust for safety more to speed and activity than getting into inaccessible places, say good-bye to hounds and hunters. My old *shikari* used to

tell of a herd of these animals that escaped him by swimming the Indus, an extraordinary feat. "But ibex too," he used plaintively to add, "used to give my hounds a lot of trouble."

Really big battues, as a matter of fact, are now, and always have been, extremely rare, though old sportsmen of the Himalayas love talking about them. I once asked an old grey-beard, after hearing one of these gory tales, how it was that so many animals still remained. "Sahib," he said, "the more the seed the heavier the crop, is it not? And the more blood spilt on the ground this year, the larger the herds of ibex next." And this is the common belief, especially among the Kafirs.

R. L. KENNION.

THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

IV.—GRIMM.

THE great Encyclopædia of Diderot and d'Alembert was to bring light to the people; the CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE of Melchior Grimm was to bring light to kings. The Encyclopædia brought the French Revolution, and the CORRESPONDANCE could not stop it. The first was the conception of those who knew that they were preparing mighty changes, but who did not live to see them; the second was the work of a man whose shrewd eyes foresaw little, but who lived to see all. The Encyclopædia is dead, as a great man dies, having finished his work. The CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE,—which could not cure those royal maladies, blindness, ignorance and hardness of heart—still lives a gay little life as the most perfect contemporary record of any literary epoch in history.

In 1753 the sensibilities of sentimental Paris were most agreeably touched by the pathetic story of a young gentleman who, having had his suit rejected by a charming operadancer, Mademoiselle Fel, straightway took to his bed and to a trance in which he passed whole nights and days, as if he were dead. Abbé Raynal (a most garrulous, good-natured old bore) and Jean Jacques Rousseau constituted themselves his nurses. They were both too romantic, and too much the children of their time, to try the common-sense expedient of leaving the rejected lover severely alone, or of throwing a bucket of cold water over him. But when Rousseau

saw a smile on the doctor's face as he left the patient's room, his heart began to harden a little. And, sure enough, one fine morning up gets the invalid, dresses, resumes his ordinary course of life and never again mentions his malady to his nurses,—even to thank them.

Frederick Melchior Grimm was, however, no sentimental fool. He was indeed one of the shrewdest and most keen-witted of his great nation, though, like many other children of the Fatherland, he had on the surface of his worldly wisdom a fine layer of Teutonic sentimentality. If the sentiment is nauseous to the British mind, it was not so to the French. Grimm's extraordinary disease became his passport into the most exclusive circles in Paris.

Born in Ratisbon on September 26th, 1723, with a poor Lutheran pastor for a father, he had always known that he must make his own way in life, and had always made it. At school he found a useful friend in one of Baron Schomberg's sons, and continued the friendship at the University of Leipzig. When he was still a student there he wrote a play, *BANISE*, which, before he left, he was a sufficiently just and astute critic to find "pitiable." On leaving Leipzig he went to live in the Schomberg's house, as tutor to his friend's younger brother. Frederick the Great had already made the French language the fashion; and, as at the Schomberg's Grimm heard nothing else, he soon learnt to speak and read it. In 1748

came the first opportunity of his life ; he took his pupil to Paris, and remained there after the boy had returned to his family.

To say that Grimm throughout his life always fell on his feet, would be a misleading idiom. He always fell on his head. The moment he found himself thrown into a new set of circumstances, his calm judgment skilfully arranged them to the very best advantage. At this time he was twenty-five years old, rather tall and imposing looking, something of a dandy in his dress (his enemies declared that he powdered his face and scented himself like a woman), with very little money in hand, no prospects, and a retrospect of that dismal failure BANISE, and that poorly paid travelling tutorship. In a very short time he got himself appointed as reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. The salary was poor enough here too ; but the Duke was a great person, and the Duchess was the friend and the correspondent of Voltaire, and to be for the rest of her life the friend and correspondent of Melchior Grimm as well.

He was not long in finding a situation much more lucrative and responsible. In 1749 he became secretary, guide, and friend to a certain dissipated young dog of a Count de Frisen, who was always borrowing money of his famous uncle, Marshal Saxe, and certainly needed a prudent Grimm to look after him.

If Grimm was only, or principally, honest because honesty is the best policy, if he did his duty because in the long run (only the run is often so long it stretches into the next world) duty is the surest road to happiness, yet the facts remain that he did act uprightly, and that he had settled principles, a strict course of conduct, and a strong line of action, in an age when no motives, good, bad or in-

different, produced such happy results in his friends.

Beneath that veneer of German emotionalism he was perhaps something cold and selfish, stern and reserved. But if he was never ardent, he was always faithful ; if he was not generous, he was just. He occupied in his life many positions of great trust and responsibility, and came out of them all with honour. One can love a Diderot, but one must needs respect a Grimm.

He had plenty of work to do in Paris. Besides the impossible task of keeping Frisen in order, he had his own way and fortune to make and his own friends to cultivate. His passion for Mademoiselle Fel was not his only introduction to Parisian society. Jean Jacques Rousseau (then a brilliant pauper of a genius copying music for his support and dreaming masterpieces of which he had not yet written a line) introduced him to d'Holbach and to Madame d'Epinay. He soon became fast friends with Madame Geoffrin (to whose tranquil common-sense his judicious and well-ordered mind particularly appealed), with Helvétius and with Marmontel : he began a life-long friendship with Diderot ; and once a week at Frisen's house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, he gave the most delightful bachelor dinners to his friends, played exquisitely on the clavecin for their benefit, took their amusement at his German-French in perfectly good part, and was entirely witty and agreeable while keeping always a certain reserve, and remaining entirely master of the situation.

In two years the poor German tutor was one of the most sought-after persons in Paris, fêted and petted by all the great people, and minded to live no longer as bear-leader to boys, but by his own head and pen.

His taste for music gave him a golden opportunity. Shall we have French music at the opera, or Italian? Paris was as hotly divided on the question, said Rousseau, as if the affair had been one of religion. The French side had all the money, the mode, and the women, and the Italian side a very little party of real connoisseurs. Grimm joined the Italians and wrote on their behalf a pamphlet called *THE LITTLE PROPHET OF BOEHMISCHBRODA*, in which the style is profanely imitated from the prophets of the Old Testament. As Madame de Pompadour was on the French side, which she protected by force and by summarily dismissing the Italian singers on the spot, the pamphlet did no harm to French music; but it made Grimm famous. Voltaire read it, and asked how this Bohemian dares to have more wit than we have? And this Bohemian, having made so successful a literary venture in a small part, now looked round with his clever eyes for a larger one.

In 1754 he travelled for awhile with d'Holbach, who had just lost his first wife; and in the following year Frisen, whom Grimm's guardianship had not been able to save from the fatal consequences of his depravity, died, and left his mentor a free man.

In 1755 he began what was to be the work of his life and is his true title to glory, the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*.

The idea of communicating to the sovereigns of Europe by letter news of the literature, science, and philosophy of Paris, that centre of the world's cultivation, was not a new one. In limiting the freedom of the Press sovereigns had limited their own freedom. Newspapers were official bulletins, not daring to utter unacceptable truths or unpalatable opinions on any truths. Kings, as well as their

subjects, yawned over journals of this kind. So King Frederick the Great originated the idea of paying an intelligent man in Paris to write him direct the news and the gossip of the capital. Theriot, Voltaire's friend, filled the post very unsuccessfully, and Frederick complained bitterly that Theriot never had a cold in his head without scribbling four pages of rhodomontade to tell him about it. La Harpe occupied the same position to the Czarevitch Paul, and Suard and the Abbé Raynal, Grimm's nurse and friend, to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha.

The idea was good, but it had been badly worked out. As Diderot and d'Alembert quickened into mighty life the little *Encyclopædia* of Chambers, so Grimm breathed vitality into the languishing *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*. He saw in it first of all the germ of a great career; but he saw in it too an influence which, by informing the minds of kings, might change the destiny of kingdoms. To teach the people was difficult in those days; but to teach their rulers was well nigh impossible. Here then was a chance, the one splendid chance, of showing them the progress of the world, the ominous advance of knowledge and of the old order towards the new. Raynal handed over to Grimm the correspondence he had established with the Courts of the north and south of Germany; and with this small connection Grimm began his work.

The *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE* remains to-day the only literary review which has survived the passage of time, and is still not merely a great name but a great living work. The *SPECTATOR* and the *TATLER* of Addison and Steele are kept eternally fresh by an exquisite charm of style; but they rarely aspired to serious criticism, and are mainly a record of modes and manners, not of literature and of

science. The CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE is as much to-day as on the day it was written the guide to the letters, the art, and the drama of the eighteenth century; the open door to its society and to the mind of cultivated Paris; a book which is equally indispensable to the scholar, or to the novelist, writing of its period; and which is certainly one of the most instructive and amusing literary compilations extant.

Of no settled length, and in manuscript, it was despatched to its subscribers twice a month. It had no fixed price, its readers paying as much as they chose for it, or as much as Grimm could make them pay. His old friend, the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, was, as has been seen, one of his first subscribers. The Landgrave of Hesse, the Queen of Sweden, and Catherine the Great of Russia soon joined his select and limited connection. Stanislas Augustus, the Margrave of Anspach, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany joined later. Frederick the Great, after his unlucky experience with Theriot, was extremely dilatory and vacillating in having anything to do with it; when he did add his name to the list of subscribers he never paid his subscription, and harried Grimm to insert the scandals and the whispers of the *cafés* and the Court, which Grimm entirely declined to do.

For greater security the sheets did not go through the post, but through the legations of the various countries. The thing was in fact a secret, and a well-kept secret, for more than half a century, and never knew the danger of print until it was published in 1812, under the Empire, with many cautious Napoleonic omissions. In the meantime its secrecy, and the limited number of its readers, gave the discreet Grimm, who declared that the most enlightened reasoning was not worth a night in the Bastille and who

was cautious to the very fibre of his bones, the opportunity of being at once candid, impartial, and safe.

He set forth a flaming prospectus, promising an "unlimited candour." The sheets were to be "dedicated to truth, confidence and frankness"; and they were. To those distant Courts and Kings there went forth every fortnight the inimitable criticisms of the most bold, just, and cool critic who ever breathed. He not only analysed, with extraordinary brilliancy and fairness, the writings of Voltaire, of friend Rousseau, and of Buffon, but he sat in impartial judgment on the works of English novelists and poets. He criticised books which have not lived, in criticisms which are undying. As to the value and the longevity of the productions, he was sometimes, naturally and inevitably, mistaken; but as a rule his opinions have been confirmed by posterity and have weathered the test of time.

Then he described to his readers the condition of the drama, the plots of the plays, the art of the players. Of course he was clever enough, if the season was rather a dull one, to fill out his pages with quotations from a tragedy or from a novel; sometimes, it is said, the ingenious man gave extracts from works which had never been written.

He dealt also with medical questions, and did not think it beneath his dignity to examine the merits of a mouth-wash. He wrote many pages on Tronchin, the great physician, and on inoculation. Here surely was one of the chances to enlighten kings, kings who, more than any other class of men, suffered and died from the ignorant tyranny of their physicians, and who had to wait eighteen centuries before any man told them that fresh air was a valuable property, and health a kingdom to be taken by temperance, soberness, and chastity.

If there was a scientific marvel in the air, such as ventriloquism, why of course Grimm must tell his rulers about that; and the music, French or Italian, of the capital must also receive its comment. Then there was the news of the day, of Academical disputes, and, though Grimm had declared he would not report them, occasional piquant anecdotes with a sufficient spice of scandal in them to have pleased King Frederick.

Then he must draw a portrait of some celebrity. Nothing is more fair and shrewd than Grimm's character-sketches. He solves in them the supreme difficulty,—how to be at once honest and charitable.

Next there is an epigram to be reported. And a charade that has amused a Parisian fine lady is surely good enough for a German duchess.

Politics were supposed to be excluded, and they were excluded in the sense that there were no remarks on public events until those events had become so public that the CORRESPONDANCE did not add to its readers' knowledge of them. But though, or because, he wrote for governors, Grimm adduced his theories on government, he himself believing in the divine rights neither of the SOCIAL CONTRACT nor of kings. To his views on tolerance, finance, and education, he gave utterance soberly, judiciously, and at length. He had a subscription-list in his paper for Voltaire's unfortunate *protégés*, the Calas; and if his pen was to flow freely, as he had promised, how could he stay his indignation against the suit and the sacrifice of the Chevalier de la Barre?

To the friend and intimate of the philosophers the most ordinary event suggested philosophical reflections. His religious views could hardly help appearing; but Grimm's was a quiet agnosticism, and had nothing in common with the excited certainties of

Diderot's unbelief. He had of course his theories on women, on art, and on languages; and he aired them all. He brought out, in the same tantalising fashion in which serials are now produced in weekly illustrated newspapers, Diderot's two novels.

He was himself, not only the first critic of his day, but he was thinker as well as chronicler, worldling and scholar, reporter and philosopher. Foreigner though he was, he had learnt to write the French language in a style inimitably clear, supple, and forcible. His command of irony alone should have been a fortune to him. Add to this, his singularly wise, cool head, his unrivalled position as the friend of the women of the *salons* and the nobility of Paris as well as of its writers and politicians,—the facts that this critic of music was himself a musician, this judge of authors himself an author,—that he lived in one of the most momentous and thrilling periods in the history of this earth, and in one of the most stimulating of her cities,—that he was able to write wholly without fear of consequence for readers of whose intelligent interest he was sure, and that he had before him the magnificent hope of so opening the hearts and feeding the knowledge of those readers that they might turn and do good unto their people and be a blessing and not a curse to their lands. Consider all this, and it is not marvellous that Grimm remains the first journalist and the CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE the first newspaper in the world.

It is hardly necessary to say that it gave its editor an enormous amount of work. *Chaise de paille*, his friends called him in allusion to his diligence; later, when he began to travel, Grimm suggested the nickname should be altered to *chaise de poste*. He had many secretaries working under him. One, Meister, was attached to him all

his life, and benefited largely under his will. When he was away from Paris the good-natured Diderot made a brilliant substitute; and Madame d'Epinay took up a delicate pen to become the first, and surely the most charming, of female journalists.

Only a few months after his arrival in Paris Grimm had been introduced to this little black-eyed, black-haired, and all too seductive wife of a worthless husband. In 1752, at Frisen's table, he had heard her name, her light little name, insulted, and had fought a duel for its honour. By 1755, on his return from his journey with d'Holbach, he became a familiar figure in her *salon*. First her wise and masterful friend, he was soon her despotic lover.

It is always a vexed point of morals to determine how far right can come out of wrong, how far a cause initially bad can be said to be good in its results. It must certainly be conceded in Grimm's case that, having put himself into a false position and remaining there, he acted not only sensibly and discreetly, but even honestly and conscientiously. He found Madame d'Epinay silly, as are so many clever women, and he insisted on her behaving with judgment and discretion. One of his first acts was to demand that her old lover, Francueil, whom she still permitted to visit her as a friend, should be given his dismissal. With Duclos, man of letters, and of character rough, dissipated, and unscrupulous, he bade her break entirely; while as for Rousseau,—it has been justly said of Grimm that he never lost a friend save Jean Jacques. In 1756 Madame d'Epinay, acting on one of those excessively foolish impulses, which she herself felt to be wholly fascinating, and which had already more than once shipwrecked her life, gave Rousseau the little hermitage in the forest

of Montmorency, close to her own country-house of La Chevrette. Grimm had not known Rousseau for six years without knowing his heart. He looked up suddenly from the CORRESPONDANCE. "You have done Rousseau a bad service," he told Madame d'Epinay sternly, "and yourself a worse." Still, it was done. In 1757 Madame d'Houdetot, Madame d'Epinay's sister-in-law, also had a house close to La Chevrette, and being a lively, natural, and engaging person, she attracted the notice of Rousseau. After a brief summer day of delight Madame d'Houdetot grew tired of her vehement admirer, or her lover, Saint Lambert, grew tired of him for her. At any rate, there burst over those three houses in the Montmorency forest a storm of fierce passions and scurrilous recriminations. All Paris stood watching. Diderot plunged impulsively into that angry sea. Rousseau accused Madame d'Epinay, in terms which no self-respecting woman could have forgiven, of being the writer of a certain fatal anonymous letter; and she forgave him. Grimm had been appointed secretary to the Duke of Orleans and was away with him in Westphalia. He did not spare his little mistress's pusillanimous weakness. "Your excuses are feeble . . . you have committed a very great fault," he wrote. Hurrying home, he dealt with Rousseau in terms of unmistakable plainness. He made Madame d'Epinay cast him off then and there, at once and for ever, and carried her off to Geneva on the excuse, a just excuse in every sense, of her health.

But the consequences of her folly were not ended. Rousseau defamed her character in the *CONFESSIONS*, and in that unique masterpiece of scurrility he speaks of Grimm as "a tiger whose fury increases daily." Diderot declared that Jean Jacques made him

believe in the existence of the devil and of hell. But Grimm wrote an obituary notice of Rousseau in his CORRESPONDANCE of admirable justice and moderation, and spoke of him as "embittered by sorrows which were of his own making but not the less real," and as "a soul at once too weak and too strong to bear quietly the burden of life." It must be allowed that Grimm could be magnanimous.

Having saved Madame d'Epinay from her friends it remained to him to save her from herself. At Geneva he put her under the great and good Tronchin; he made her help him in the CORRESPONDANCE; he helped her to manage the miserable remains of the fortune her husband's mad extravagance had left her; he supervised the education of her children, and he even showed her the harm she did them by speaking disrespectfully of their father. His love was not fervent perhaps, but it corrected her follies and her weakness; it made her do and be her best; it had at least some of the unmistakable tokens of a good and noble feeling.

These visits to Geneva were undoubtedly the happiest time in her life. On this first one, which lasted eight months, she and Grimm often saw and talked with Voltaire; and Grimm greatly appreciated the society of the solid and sensible Genevans and the cultivated Tronchins. Mademoiselle Fel was staying at Délices, and when Grimm saw her there he proved convincingly the truth that the man's love, once gone, never returns. But his real passion was not even for Madame d'Epinay. His dominant taste was his ambition; his dearest mistress, his career.

Already secretary to the Duke of Orleans, on the last evening of his stay at Geneva, he heard the satisfactory news that he was made Envoy

for Frankfort at the Court of France. True, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, as Diderot called him, soon lost his post by joking in a despatch at the expense of an official person; but none the less he was rising in the world. Presently he was busy settling M. d'Epinay's bankruptcy and helping Madame to arrange a satisfactory marriage for her daughter. *Tyran le Blanc* he was called by her and her circle. But, after all, no woman is happy till she has met her master. Well for her if she find one as judicious and upright as Melchior Grimm.

He was less with her as the years went by, though not in any sense less faithful. In 1762 the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha made him her *chargé d'affaires*; and when she died her husband made him Councillor of Legation, with a pension.

He met Frederick the Great when he was travelling in Germany in 1769; and Frederick, forgetting his grievance that Grimm would not turn the CORRESPONDANCE into a scandalous society newspaper, fell under the spell of his fellow-countryman's encyclopædical knowledge and dignified affability. Grimm, said Meister, had the rare talent of living with great people without losing any of the freedom and independence of his character.

In 1771, when he was nearly fifty years old, he resumed an employment of his youth, and, at a very large salary, consented to be tutor to the Hereditary Prince of Hesse, a boy about nineteen. The pair went to England and were well received at its ultra-German Court. Grimm was delighted with "the simplicity, the naturalness, and the good sense," of the English character. The Landgravine, young Hesse's mother, sold her diamonds that her son might prolong his visit in so delightful a country. And then Grimm brought

him back to Paris and formed his mind and manners in the society of d'Holbach and Diderot, of Madame Necker and Madame Geoffrin.

In 1773 tutor and pupil went to St. Petersburg to attend the marriage of Wilhelmina, the Prince of Hesse's sister, with the Czarevitch Paul. In a very short time the skilful Grimm had gained the great Catherine's interest and consideration. Even Diderot's warm heart and glowing genius (he was staying at her Court when Grimm arrived there) did not win her so well as the German's delicate tact and keen perceptions. Herself before all things a great statesman, how should she not respect the shrewd judgment, the strength, and the determination of a Grimm? It is so rare to be clever and wise; it was most rare in the eighteenth century. Two or three times a week Grimm dined with her Majesty *en petit comité*, those dinners at which all men were equal, and at which no servants appeared to hamper the conversation. Afterwards she talked alone with him by the hour together. He told Madame Geoffrin how, when he left her, he would pace his room all night with the splendid ideas she had suggested coursing through his sleepless brain: "The winter of 1773 and 1774 passed for me," he said, "in a perpetual intoxication." But when Catherine would have permanently attached him to her service, his stern good sense helped him to refuse. There is no such deadweight on genius as a post at Court,—be it the Court of a Catherine or a Frederick—and Grimm knew it. "I have never seen you hesitate about anything," Madame d'Épinay had written to him; "and when you have once decided with your just, strong mind, it is for ever."

His refusal was unalterable, and he returned to Paris. He was sure

enough of his firmness to visit his royal friend again, two years later, in 1776. He had been acting tutor again, to the two Counts Romanzoff this time. He had taken them to Naples to embrace Galiani, to Ferney to see Voltaire, and to Berlin to see Frederick. They arrived in Petersburg in time for the second marriage of the Czarevitch, of whose first marriage, with Wilhelmina of Hesse, Grimm had been the principal promoter. Catherine received him with the same flattering interest, and offers; but he was as deaf to them as before. Then she gave him the title of colonel,—to the intense amusement of King Frederick—and appointed him her general agent in Paris at a salary of ten thousand livres.

After his return to the capital this appointment formed a very large occupation in his life. His frequent absences had naturally not been the best thing in the world for the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*; but it would have been a much worse thing if Diderot,—Grimm's "patient milch-cow whom he can milk an essay from, or a volume from when he lists" wrote Carlyle—had not been there to do his work. The *CORRESPONDANCE* rightly appears with Diderot's name as well as Grimm's on its title-page. In these latter years, indeed, its readers often had to be content, not with Diderot, but with a mere Meister; and when Grimm did write himself it was not seldom carelessly and in a hurry. Not quite the first, or the last, perhaps, to commit that literary enormity, he sometimes reviewed books he had not taken the trouble to read.

His letters to and from Catherine were, after the first few years, not conveyed through the post but by special messenger, and are therefore delightfully outspoken. Grimm's contain indeed a good deal of flattery

and exaggeration ; but Catherine's are spontaneous enough. She used to say she was as "frankly an original as the most determined Englishman." The pair wrote sometimes in French and sometimes in German. They had nicknames for most of the crowned heads in Europe. Of Brother George of England Catherine had always spoken with contempt, and considered his loss of the American colonies as a State treason. But much of the correspondence was devoted to mere homely details. As her agent Grimm bought the imperial rouge for the imperial cheeks, pictures, books, and bon-bons. He took long journeys in her interests : he supplied her with architects when she caught a fever for building ; and presently, having been discreet matchmaker for the Hesses and the Czarevitch, he was commissioned to play the same delicate part for the Czarevitch's daughters.

He was living now in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. His love of music was still strong, and on young Mozart's visits to Paris Grimm was his kindest and most influential patron. The next few years saw the deaths of many old friends,—of Voltaire, of Diderot, of Frederick the Great, of d'Holbach,—and of Madame d'Epinay. For ever trying to conciliate all men, poor little bright-eyed, bright-witted deceiver, under Grimm's masterful influence the best qualities of her nature had come to the fore and the worst receded. She was to the last true to him as she had never been true to anyone else. Grimm adopted her granddaughter, and married her to the Comte de Bueil.

So far, his own life had been singularly happy and successful. If he had loved unwisely, he had taken care that the affection should never be of that inordinate kind which is its own punishment. He had, too, one of the dearest solaces of declining life in seeing young

people growing up about him. As to his career, he was not only attached to the royal house of Orleans, but he was by now Catherine's Councillor of State, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and Baron of the Viennese Empire. He was a rich man, with a fine collection of books, pictures, and *vertu*. He should have died before 1789.

In that year came the stunning fall of the Bastille. Of liberty Grimm had talked easily enough, but he had also been shrewd enough to doubt its promises. He had at least nothing of the calm confidence of the fine ladies of the old *régime* who drove out from modish Paris through the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to look at the ruins of the great prison, as at a sight prepared for their amusement. To the wary German the destruction of the Bastille spelt the ruin of France. The Revolution sped on,—a madman rushing through the night with a drawn sword in his hand. In 1790 came the great emigration of the nobles. Who should be suspect if not this correspondent of kings? Grimm fled to Frankfurt ; but in two months' time, he plunged again into the whirlpool of Paris, to rescue the Comtesse de Bueil, his dear adopted grandchild, then in sore straits. He took her to Aix la Chapelle ; but in October, 1791, he returned himself to the capital, to get the Empress's letters out of France if he could. He found he had already been denounced in the committees as carrying on a correspondence with her little favourable to the Revolution. His only chance of safety lay in extreme circumspection, "a perfect immobility." He had both qualities, by nature, to the full ; but none the less, stirred by a generous pity, history tells of an interview he had with that royal saint, Madame Elisabeth, in which he tried to assist both her and Marie Antoinette.

He could do nothing; fate and the fatal Bourbon character were too strong for the Bourbons to be saved. In 1792 Grimm, who had loved Paris long and owed it much, left it for ever, leaving behind him, he said, the fruit of the wisdom of his whole life and his entire fortune, and finding himself as naked as when he came into the world. He and Madame de Bueil lodged over a chemist's shop in Düsseldorf, or slept in the Natural History museum of that town. Grimm's whole income was Catherine's pension of two thousand roubles; her generosity, indeed, often added to it, and in 1796 she made him Russian Minister at Hamburg. This was one of the last acts of her life, and when she died, she left her friend and servant yet the poorer for her loss. At Hamburg he had a disease of the eye which necessitated its removal, after which he retired to Gotha and lived with the Comtesse de Bueil in a house given him by the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the munificent Duke providing furniture, linen, kitchen utensils,—everything. The Countess's two young daughters acted as Grimm's secretaries. The music he had loved was still a resource to him; and he seems to have kept to the last something of his old power and mastery over others. Goethe found him, when he saw him in 1801, still an agreeable man of the world and rich in interest and experience, but unable to conceal a profound bitterness at the thought of

his misfortunes. Under the Directory some of his sequestered property was restored to him, but it could hardly benefit him; he no longer lived, he only existed. He, who had been born when the Regent Orleans ruled France and the old order was at the supreme height of its magnificence and depravity, was roused from the dotage of his last days to hear the thunder of the cannon of Jena and Austerlitz, or the story of the peace concluded between Catherine's grandson, Alexander, and Napoleon Bonaparte upon the raft at Tilsit.

Grimm died on December 19th, 1807, aged eighty-four.

No unpleasing contrast was this methodical, adroit, managing man, with his cold uprightness and steady prudence, to a reckless out-at-elbows Diderot or a mad, miserable Rousseau. Thriftiness and caution are unromantic virtues perhaps, and even accounted selfish; but, after all, the world would have no beggars to relieve if every man laid by for himself.

If it was the Encyclopædists' mission to teach the people to reform their kings, it was Grimm's to teach those kings to reform themselves, to be as careful and judicious as he was. He tried; but from long and close association with them he himself caught at last that disease epidemic among rulers, oblivion to unpleasant consequences and a relentless future, and he never recovered from the fearful shock which opened his eyes at last.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

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